

The Sketch



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SIXPENCE.



Lacelles

MISS ALICE NIELSEN (THE "SINGING GIRL"), THE NEW AMERICAN "STAR".

WHO PRODUCES "THE FORTUNE-TELLER" AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY YE ROSE STUDIO, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

THE CLUBMAN.

His Majesty's Easter—The Royal Travellers in the Red Sea—Aden.

HIS MAJESTY is spending Easter very quietly at Windsor, and has gathered round him the Royal Family circle, including the children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. Society and the middle classes have followed the Royal example, and London appears more deserted during the present Easter week than it has been for many years. Paris is the gainer by London's emptiness, for not only have the boats from Dover to Calais been crowded, but many people coming back from the South of France have this year called a halt in the French capital, hoping that the north-east wind will have spent its force by the time that the Easter holiday is over, and that England, home, and influenza may not then be joined in an uninviting triple alliance. The South Coast winter-resorts, St. Leonards, Bournemouth, and others, are benefitting by the exodus from London.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York have steamed down the Red Sea, have sighted Perim, and the Grand Imperial Orient Liner *Ophir* has reached the bay at Aden before going out into the Indian Ocean, where the summer monsoon may have begun already to blow. There are few more beautiful sights than the Ararat range of hills crimson in the sunset; but two-thirds of the voyage through the Red Sea are usually disagreeable. A breeze generally blows into the sea from either end, and the centre is, as a rule, windless.

Even Perim has improved as a place of residence in past years. Nearly everybody knows the story of the taking over of the island: how the officers of a French ship talked a little too freely at the dinner-table of the Governor of Aden, and how, when the French ship sighted Perim, where the tricolour was to be hoisted, her commander found the Union Jack flying; and many people have read in "The Lays of Ind" of the subaltern who was so delighted with Perim as a station that he applied to be left there for an indefinite period, and the reason of whose devotion to the barren spot of rock would not have been discovered if his Colonel had not met him one day in Regent Street. Perim now has become a coaling-station on a small scale. One or more lines that ply through the Red Sea send their vessels to replenish bunkers in the little bay of the island, and the subaltern of a Native Infantry regiment in command is not now restricted to the company of the lighthouse keepers, as he used to be.

Aden has always been given a worse name than it deserves. The relief arrangements in India have now, I believe, been altered, but yearly one of the regiments ordered home to England from India used to be stopped at Aden and kept there for an extra year of foreign service. A regiment towards the close of its time in India grows very home-sick and loses interest in all matters concerning the country. The officers sell their polo-ponies, the Mess counts up its money to spend on new carpets and linen in its first English station; the talk in the barrack-rooms is all of furlough and meetings after many years with friends and relations; and, when the "route" for home has arrived, a second order keeping the regiment for another year in the East is a bitter disappointment, and even the Garden of Eden would seem uninteresting to men whose eyes are straining towards the white cliffs of England.

Aden and Eden, however, differ by more than a letter. "The barren rocks of Aden" is one of the most sorrowful of the Highland laments, and barren and gloomy the burned-out, treeless, grassless crater which is the mountain of the settlement always is. The climate in winter is, however, far from disagreeable, and many a stranger landing attired in the lightest of clothes has found himself uncomfortably cold before he has got back to the ship. For many years, no regiment felt energetic enough to make tennis-grounds, but now both tennis and polo are played, and in the comfortable Club, the windows of which look on to the bay, no depression of spirits is ever evident.

Aden is, administratively, part of India, and "privilege leave" home on Indian pay consoles some of the officers detained at Aden, while others get admirable big-game shooting in Somali Land, across the Straits in Africa. The hotels at Aden were at one time too bad to be described by any adjectives, but since Somali Land has become one of the great game preserves of the world, and Aden the starting-place for numerous parties of sportsmen, all with gold to spend, the hostellries are a little less atrocious than they used to be. The Oriental Jews, their hair bleached, and a long curl hanging down before each ear, who come aboard to sell ostrich-feathers and shells, coral and sponges, are picturesque figures, and no passenger who has passed Aden ever forgets the diving-boys, naked little imps who paddle alongside the ship in primitive boats, who fight under water for the small pieces of silver thrown at them, and whose perpetual cry of "Yo-ho! Hab a dive!" gets on the nerves almost as surely as the monotonous shriek of the brain-fever bird.

The tanks at Aden are the sight of the island to which a pilgrimage is always made. They are great reservoirs which are never a quarter full, and which were at one time the only water-supply for the garrison. Now, all the drinking-water for the town and garrison is obtained by distillation, and there is an abundant supply of ice. Rain very rarely falls at Aden, but twice I have been in the bay on a rainy day, and once, trusting to the report of the rainlessness of the place and landing without an umbrella, got wet-through and caught a real English March cold in consequence.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Easter Holidays—A Backward Season—Why "Comforts"?—The Cricket Problem—A Solution of the Throwing Question—American Ladies and their Boots.

THERE is a peculiar charm about the Easter holidays which is not possessed by any other holiday period in the year. When the weather is fine, Easter is a very enjoyable time, for spring is just coming on, and we look forward to the summer, whereas in August the year is already beginning to turn, and the winter, with all its gloom, is before us. The bicycle excursions in April, provided, of course, that the roads are decent, and that the rain holds up, are at their best, for it is like awakening from the sleep of winter to get away into the country, where the trees are coming into leaf and everything is looking its best. The Volunteers, too, always enjoy the Easter outing, like the plucky, hard-working fellows they are, and put some of us more lazy ones to shame with their energy.

But the present season is unusually backward. We had not even the little premature burst of buds on the London shrubs in January, and since then the bitter east winds have kept everything back. There is not a crocus out yet in the garden which I have the privilege of inspecting every day, and hardly a scrap of almond-blossom has ventured out. One comfort is, that, when the leaves do come out, they will come with a rush, and cold east winds in the spring, as a rule, mean a dry summer. By the way, I followed some weather prophets at the beginning of the year, but I have had to give them up, they have all gone so hopelessly wrong. The ravages which the crowd made in Hyde Park on the occasion of Queen Victoria's funeral are now being repaired, I gladly note.

This asking for "comforts" for the troops out in South Africa seems to me rather an odd sort of thing. Surely it is the business of the authorities to provide warm clothing for the men who are fighting the battles of the Empire. Some friends of mine have been sending out woollen underclothing to their son in the Transvaal, and I see in the papers that several ladies are collecting goods for the men at "the Front." Then there was a paragraph in the papers to the effect that there were great stores of warm clothing for the soldiers out at the Cape, and that no more was needed. Lord Kitchener cannot have known that when he made his appeal. The least the officials can do is to keep the men warm, and "comforts," to my idea, are things like tobacco, jam, pickles, books, and papers. Those are things which private persons might well send out, but not clothes, which should be provided by the State. After all, the War Office does not seem to have been overhauled to any great extent yet. I suppose we shall have to wait till the guerilla war is over and the place in Pall Mall gets "Kitchenerised." It wants it.

Cricket began officially the day before yesterday, and in this coming season we shall be face to face with the great throwing question which threatens to convulse the counties. I see that the "M.C.C." has approved of the principle of the action taken by the Captains, but are of opinion that it would be expedient to postpone the actual suspension of any bowler during the coming season, in the hope that this course may strengthen the hands of the Umpires without being unnecessarily drastic. As a humble looker-on at great matches, it seems to me that before very long the time will come when any sort of delivery will be allowed. At one time, when our ancestors used to play in top-hats, only underhand bowling was allowed. Then round-arm bowling became the fashion, but the bowler was not allowed to raise his arm above the shoulder.

And then, at last, over-arm bowling was permitted, and now only throwing is forbidden. But, to my mind, the difference between underhand and over-arm bowling is much greater than the difference between over-arm bowling and throwing. If the early All England cricketers had had to face Tom Richardson's deliveries, they would have objected very strongly, and yet the only objection that modern cricketers made to him was that he got them out too quickly. I do not believe that any man could go on throwing for very long, and that, if he attempted it, he would put his elbow out. I would disqualify any man who deliberately threw or bowled at the batsman instead of at the wicket, but, short of that, I would allow any delivery, and I think that before many seasons are passed any action will be permitted. Anyhow, it is odd that throwing should have become a subject for heated discussion at a time when so many complaints are being made that the bat, in a dry season, so completely beats the ball.

I heard a capital story about American women and their boots a day or two ago. It appears that they are very anxious that people should fancy that they have small feet, and that they do not like to put their shoes outside their doors at hotels, for fear that their neighbours passing along the corridor should make remarks on the size of their foot-gear. So they keep a pair of shoes several sizes too small for them, and, after carefully putting a few specks of mud or a little dust on them, leave them outside the door for other women to envy their small size. The shoes which they have been wearing they clean themselves, and never trust to the hotel-porter. In this way they humour their feet and their vanity at the same time, and all parties are, or should be, satisfied. It is an ingenious idea, and that is how it is done.

MR. H. V. ESMOND'S FORTHCOMING NEW PLAY.

"THE WILDERNESS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

WHEN, with what poor old King Lear would call "a delicate stratagem," I contrived to capture that exceedingly clever young actor-dramatist, Mr. Harry V. Esmond, during a slight interval for refreshment at one of the heavy rehearsals of his new play, just then arranged to be produced at the St. James's to-morrow (Thursday) evening, he looked so abnormally cheerful that, believe me, I felt quite alarmed.

"Prithee, tell me," said I, "why this even increased gaiety of heart? Can it be that you are inwardly gloating with glee at having in this new play which you have written for mutual friend Alexander set us some morbid problem to solve? In good sooth, I trust not, my Esmond. I trow that we have of late had something too much of this kind of play. Moreover, believe me, we all expect more wholesome dramatic fare from a young gentleman who gave us that delightful comedy, 'One Summer's Day.'"

"You trow rightly on both counts," quoth Esmond. "Do not despond."

I made a show of not desponding, as I remembered that even my mostly bright young friend had in his time tried upon us "The Divided Way," and that still more sombre effort, "Grierson's Way." But I held my peace and awaited developments.

"No," said he; "this new play of mine is a happy play, with a right good happy ending, forsooth."

"Thank Thespis!" I murmured aside, and anon remarking aloud, "But why 'Wilderness'?"

"I use the name," replied Esmond, "to indicate the general *blasé*—or rather, aimless—section of so-called High Society; those people who are 'wandering,' as it were, through life. I attempt to show a group of men and women—not vicious or sensual, but who for a time blunder along, so to speak, not bothering about anything worth bothering about, until—until they are made to bother."

"For example," he added, with a merry little twinkle in his eye, "the character I have written for my friend and frequent manager, George Alexander, is Sir Harry Milanoir, a kindly, good-humoured Baronet, who



MISS EVA MOORE (MRS. H. V. ESMOND), WHO IS TO APPEAR AT THE ST. JAMES'S IN "THE WILDERNESS."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

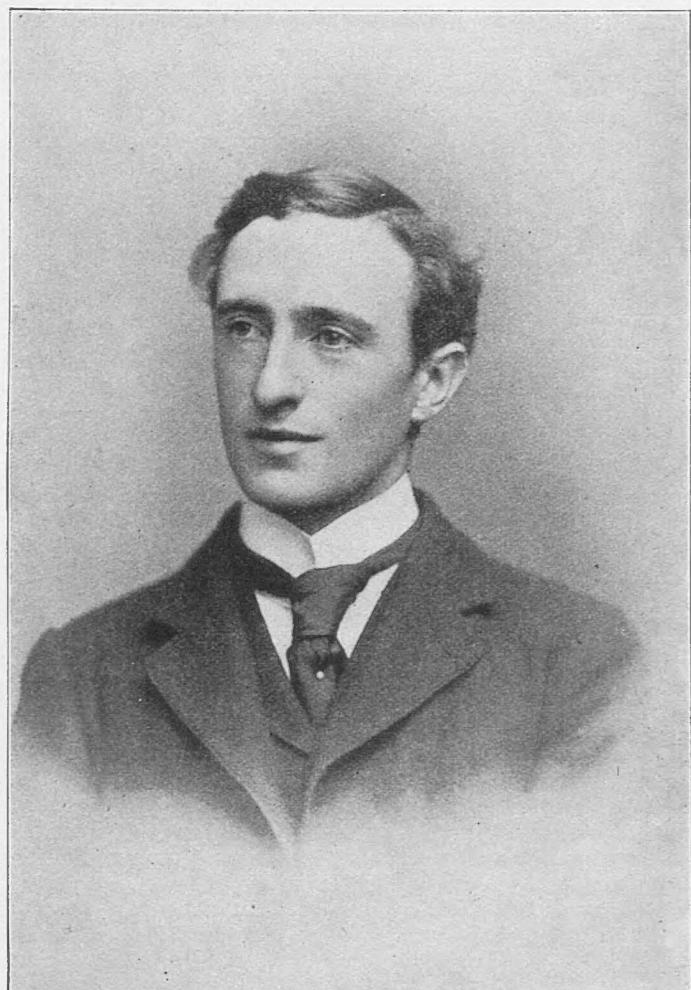
ambles easily through London life, feeling for a time that that life is the best because the least exacting of all possible lives. You will first meet him, and certain other characters like him, in a fashionable West-End Tea-Shop, where all is babble and—Bohea. In this Act I start my story on the aforesaid *blasé* or 'wandering' lines, showing, in effect, that life of this sort is but a wilderness."

"But it is one sometimes of stern wildernesss," methought, with a sudden reversion to the H. J. Byron type of thought. But again I held my peace.

"In the Second Act," continued Esmond,

"I TAKE MY CHIEF CHARACTERS FAR AWAY INTO CHARMING SYLVAN GLADES,

into a place I call Borcombe Woods, as a matter of fact. Here I attempt to show, quite in the fashion of the play you first mentioned, 'One Summer's Day,' how the better—that is, the True Love—nature of my



MR. H. V. ESMOND, THE POPULAR AUTHOR-ACTOR WHO WROTE "THE WILDERNESS" FOR THE ST. JAMES'S.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

hero, Sir Harry, and of my heroine, Mabel Vaughan, begins to develop. This Act contains what will, I hope, prove to be much interesting matter. In any case, I know it is wholesome."

"For this relief—this truly rural relief, to a long series of plays anything but wholesome—much thanks," said I. "But the Third Act?" I inquired.

"That Act," replied our author, "takes place at Sir Harry's house in Mayfair. In this Act I endeavour to show that the only happy life is the happily married life, and that any couple being blessed therewith can, and should, be able to pooh-pooh all other sorts and conditions of life."

"It sounds good," said I, "and your cast strikes me in the same way, containing, as it does, such clever players as Mr. Grahame Browne, Mr. Aubrey Smith, Mr. H. H. Vincent, Miss Le Thiére, Miss Julie Opp, Mr. Lennox Pawle (whom some inexperienced playgoing paragraphists seem to regard only as an East-End actor), and, above all,

YOUR CHARMING WIFE, MISS EVA MOORE.

I trust that you have done especial justice to the last-named favourite, for the characters allotted to her of late have not been overwhelmingly good."

"I think you will like the character I have specially written for Mrs. Esmond," said he. "I do; and so does she."

"Then," I replied, "I have no fear for the result of that character. But what about yourself? How is it that one who has given us so many excellent impersonations at this very theatre—not to name others—has no part in his own piece?"

"It is," he whispered mysteriously, "because I am busy in another manner."

"What, with more plays?" I asked.

"With more plays," he replied.

"Of course!" I added. "Why, you have in hand 'My Lady Virtue' for Mr. Tree, and—"

But at that moment the energetic Esmond resumed rehearsing, and kept at it for hours.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

SIR ROBERT HART ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

A FEW days ago, Sir Robert Hart published (Chapman and Hall) a volume of essays dealing with the Chinese Question, under the quaint title, "These from the Land of Sinim." The book is certain to be widely read, not because it is a literary monument, but because it presents the views on a burning topic of the time of one who speaks upon it with knowledge and authority. In a word, it is the deliberate pronouncement of the greatest expert on the subject, and, as such, is both interesting and important.

Sir Robert has an acquaintance with China which extends over nearly half-a-century, and his acquaintance with it is of an unusually intimate sort. About forty-seven years ago, he commenced his career in the Far East as a member of the British Consular Service in China. In 1859 he left the British service for that of China, being appointed Inspector of Customs at Canton. Five years later the Chinese Government made him

INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF CUSTOMS FOR THE WHOLE EMPIRE, a position which he still holds. He has shown the highest administrative capacity, and no one is better known up and down the Flower Land than the "I.-G.," as he is generally called out there.

Sir Robert maintains that there is such a thing in China as a national sentiment; it is built—this national sentiment—on the one feeling that is universal in China,

PRIDE IN CHINESE INSTITUTIONS AND CONTEMPT FOR FOREIGN. Intercourse with foreigners under the various treaties has not tended to modify this attitude; on the contrary, says Sir Robert, treaty intercourse has not altered it, except to intensify it. "China for the Chinese, and for the Chinese only," is the cry of China.

As matters stand at present, when China is *not* for the Chinese only, Sir Robert remarks that three courses are open and possible. The first of these is the

PARTITION OF CHINA—

the North to Russia, the East to Germany, the Centre (Yangtse) to England, and the South to France. He confesses that this plan has both good and bad sides, but he does not believe that any such dismemberment would be enduring. Chinese feeling and aspiration will never be stamped out; in the end, they will triumph. He sums up this phase of the situation in a remarkable sentence: "That the future will have a 'Yellow' question—perhaps a 'Yellow peril'—to deal with, is as certain as that the sun will shine to-morrow."

The second course is to set up a new dynasty, but to this Sir Robert



A CHINESE RIVER GALA: THE DRAGON-BOAT FESTIVAL IN CANTON.

His eminence has been recognised in this country by his having been made a Baronet and a Grand Cross of the St. Michael and St. George. He has received various decorations from the Dragon Throne itself—the Red Button, the Peacock's Feather, and the Order of the Double Dragon. It was understood that

IF ANY MAN OF WESTERN BLOOD WAS "PERSONA GRATA" AT PEKING, whether at Court or amongst the people, it was Sir Robert, yet during the extraordinary events which took place in June, July, and August of last year in the Chinese Capital he was no more immune from the deadly attentions of the Chinese than the humblest clerk or official in the besieged Legations.

The five essays which make up this volume were written after these sinister occurrences, and the paper with which the book opens gives a bird's-eye view of what then took place. Sir Robert is known to be

A MAN OF GENEROUS CHARACTER;

it must certainly be said that in "These from the Land of Sinim" he is extremely generous to the Chinese, and it is hardly too much to say that he comes forward as an apologist for China. He tells us that the attack on the Legations was symptomatic of a genuine Chinese national uprising, and that the Boxer movement was a national volunteer organisation for the protection of China. The latter, he declares, was patriotic in its origin, justifiable in its fundamental idea, and was, in point of fact, the outcome of either foreign advice or the study of foreign methods.

objects that there is no man of mark all China will accept. The third plan is to

PATCH UP THE EXISTING MANCHU DYNASTY, and to make the best of it. And this is what he recommends, and, as a matter of fact, is what is being done.

The whole trouble in China, Sir Robert tells us, arises from the anomalous rights and privileges which are possessed by the foreign merchant, the foreign missionary, and the foreign official—rights and privileges such as they would never be granted in any other country, but which were

WRUNG FROM THE CHINESE BY FOREIGN AGGRESSION.

The outcome of these anomalies is a feeling of humiliation, a sense of injustice, and a soreness on the part of the Chinese. These, however, might be healed if the right remedy were applied. And what is the right remedy in the view of Sir Robert Hart, the greatest China-Englishman of our time? Well, to speak bluntly, it rather suggests that, great as he is as an administrator, he is not so great as a politician. Here it is—

To this most important question (how to remove from future intercourse whatever has troubled it in the past), the only satisfactory answer that much thought suggests is that the Golden Rule might be worth a trial: do away with the existing anomaly, and let "Do unto others as you would have others do to you" be given an international application.

But China is very far from being Utopia, and we live in a wicked, wicked world, dominated by "the big battalions," quick-firing guns, Mauser rifles, battleships, torpedoes, and goodness knows what!



MISS JULIA NEILSON,

STILL STARRING AT THE GLOBE AS "SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE LATE MR. R. D'OYLY CARTE.

IMPRESARIO OF THE GILBERT-SULLIVAN OPERA HOUSES.

THE news of the death of my friend Mr. D'Oyly Carte came at a moment when I had, by arrangement with my Editor, collected a group of interesting portraits concerning the new Irish opera which has for some time been in preparation at the Savoy. This group of photographs, of course, included one of the late Mr. Carte himself and of his amiable and clever wife, who has not only been so helpful in causing our late friend to achieve many of his biggest Savoy successes, but who also for so long and so devotedly nursed and tended her husband, whether he was located at the Savoy, which he was partly the cause of building, at his pleasant retreat at Weybridge, on one of the loveliest parts of the mostly beautiful Thames, or at his cosy chambers on the Thames Embankment.

Of course, to many people, especially to those of us who had known what has often been called "the Great Savoy Triumvirate," the death of



THE LATE MR. D'OYLY CARTE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Carte comes as a sad shock, happening, as it has, so soon after the lamented passing away of the Savoy's best composer, Sir Arthur Sullivan. Many, however, appear to forget, or not to know, that poor Carte was first stricken down by what many of us feared would be a fatal illness long before Sir Arthur developed his more serious symptoms.

To judge from many obituary notices which have appeared, the credulous and the unthinking might haply be led to believe that Mr. Carte's death, which was really a most merciful release after so much suffering, has for ever crushed what this kind of surmisers generally call "Savoy Opera," perhaps because it was originated and was so long seen at the Opéra-Comique. Indeed, at that now defunct theatre, the Gilbert and Sullivan operas submitted by Mr. Carte—then of the musical firm of Rudall, Carte, and Co.—achieved almost the only real successes ever obtained at that otherwise ill-fated house.

It was in consequence of the phenomenal successes of the early Gilbert and Sullivan merry musical mixtures at the Opéra-Comique that the new Savoy was built.

At that time, as many seem not to know, or to forget, Mr. Carte—during a certain memorable dissension between himself and Gilbert and Sullivan—contrived to secure a trump-card in the shape of a lease of the Opéra-Comique. By virtue of this lease, he was able, at an opportune moment, to dictate terms to his fellow mutineers, and eventually to carry them along to the Savoy. At this house, the three conspirators, thanks also to certain American fees, &c., accumulated quite a nice little fortune apiece.

Of course, as will happen in the best-regulated companies, dissensions

anon began to break out even at the Savoy, where, as Mr. Gilbert (who is, happily, better) would say, or sing, "All was as right as right could be." There was, I remember, an especial little dissension between the aforesaid "Triumvirate," all on account of a new carpet which Mr. Carte had ordered for his office during the absence of partners Gilbert and Sullivan. When Gilbert came back from Egypt (whence the best of comic-opera libertines is again returning, by the way) and Sullivan returned from his favourite Monte Carlo, they taxed Carte severely about that carpet being ordered in without due consultation. But the generally diplomatic and always good-humoured Carte managed to beat his temporary adversaries, and to keep his carpet—for someone else to "beat."

There was one peculiar thing about this really wonderful manager: that was, that to all but his intimate friends he was always difficult to get hold of. Indeed, he was, as his former "producer" was wont to say when he first worked with him, "always up a pipe where you had to whistle for him."

To seriously sum up, Mr. Carte's death is sincerely lamented. It would mean a grave loss to the Savoy Theatre but for the wonderful acumen displayed in the management of Savoyard affairs by Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, so long known as Miss Helen Lenoir. Mr. Carte breathed his last in his apartments in Adelphi Terrace on Wednesday morning, April 3, at the age of fifty-seven. Profoundest sympathy is felt for his bereaved widow and two sons.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King at Windsor.

That King Edward should have chosen to spend Easter actually at Windsor Castle, instead of, as had been reported he would do, at Frogmore House, shows how utterly absurd were the many rumours which at one time obtained concerning His Majesty's dislike to this most splendid of Royal residences. His Majesty is occupying the beautiful set of apartments which were originally used by the late Prince Consort, and from the windows of most of the rooms can be seen fine vistas of Windsor Great Park. The King and Queen, as Prince and Princess of Wales, nearly always occupied a small suite of four apartments situated in the York Tower. Delightful portraits of His Majesty as a child, of his brothers and sisters, as well as two early counterfeit presents of Queen Victoria herself, hang both in the bed-chamber and in the drawing-room, while even the bath-room contains some interesting portraits.

A Priceless Portrait.

That the King should have consented to the exhibition at the Royal Academy of Mr. Herkomer's sketch of Queen Victoria, taken the day following that of our late Sovereign's death, is a touching proof of his affection for his people; it would have been quite natural for His Majesty not to desire this last memento of his mother to be seen outside his own family circle. There has been a tendency to regret that the late Monarch was never painted by any artist whose fame is likely to go down with that of the Old Masters. Curiously enough, the only attempt of the kind was that made shortly before her death, when M. Benjamin-Constant, the great French portrait-painter,

was commissioned to paint the Queen on the throne in the Lords. His record will increase in value as time goes on, the more so that he was the only French painter so honoured. By Royal command, this vivid portrait of Her late Majesty by M. Benjamin-Constant is also to be exhibited at the Academy. Photogravures of this historic painting by the great French artist, beautifully executed, are to be issued by *The Illustrated London News*.

Very touching, and admirably worded—as are, indeed, all Her Majesty's public utterances—was Queen Alexandra's reply to the Address presented to her by the representatives of five hundred Danish Associations. The Queen alluded to the many bonds which have for so long united Great Britain to her "dear old Fatherland," but, though she naturally did not say so, who can doubt that those who heard her are well aware that the strongest bond of all is her own gracious personality? This has done more to lead to cordial relations between the two countries than all the labours of diplomats and Royal personages have achieved in the case of any other kingdom.

Great Britain's Hearty Congratulations.

The British Empire joined last Monday (8th) with Queen Alexandra in wishing her venerable father, King Christian of Denmark, "Many Happy Returns" on his eighty-third birthday. The occasion naturally gave rise to great and sincere rejoicings in Denmark, and the fact that this year the festival took place on Easter Monday was peculiarly fortunate, as it enabled many more of his subjects to take part in the public rejoicings. King Christian is still one of the best-looking of European Sovereigns, and it is a charming sight to see him walking about Copenhagen escorted by one of his beautiful daughters, their passage arousing no vulgar curiosity, but provoking only respectful salutations from the passers-by, who are proud of the fact that their Sovereign is not afraid to take a walk through the streets of his capital.

Her Majesty's Eldest Brother.

During the last few years the Crown Prince and Crown Princess have naturally played a greater rôle in Copenhagen Society than was formerly the case. Queen Alexandra's eldest brother is one of the cleverest and most agreeable of European Heirs-Apparent, and looks—as, indeed, does each member of the King of Denmark's family—considerably younger than his age, fifty-seven. The Crown Princess, who is the only child of King Charles of Sweden, is eight years younger than her husband. She is the proud mother of eight children—four sons and four daughters—and, owing to her sweet disposition, and bright, happy nature, she is

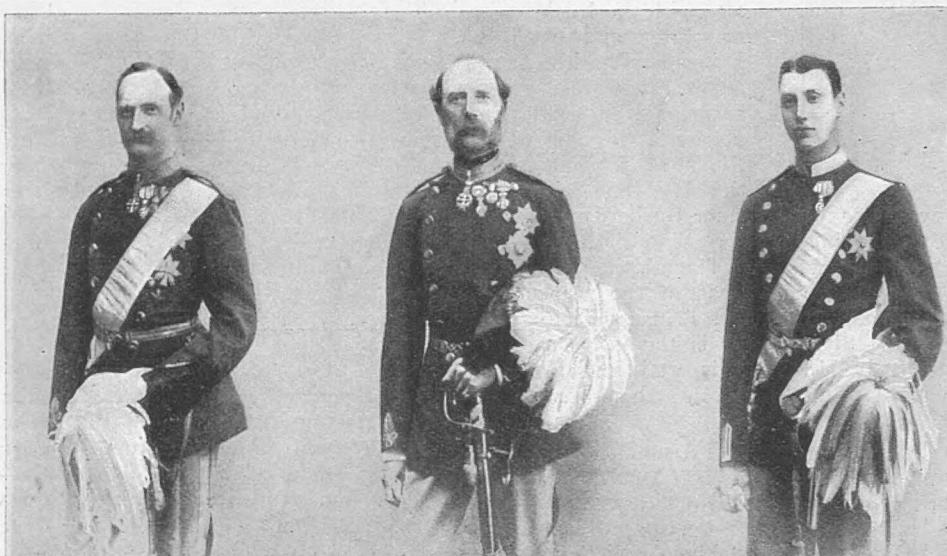
exceedingly popular among her many relations-in-law. Her Royal Highness is always thought in Denmark to bear traces of her French descent. She is very business-like, and is believed to entirely manage the immense fortune she inherited from her father.

Up to the present time, only four of the Crown Prince's children are married. His eldest son and heir, Prince Christian, became the husband, three years ago, of Princess Alexandrina of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the dearest friend and now a near relation of the young Queen of Holland. Prince Charles is, of course, married to our own Princess Maud; Princess Louise, named after her mother, was married five years ago to Prince Frederick of Schaumburg-Lippe; and two years later the Crown Prince's second daughter, Princess Ingeborg, wedded Prince Charles of Sweden and Norway. Princess Thyra, a charming-looking girl who on the 14th of last month celebrated her twenty-first birthday, is unmarried. The two babies of the family, Prince Gustavus and Princess Dagmar, are aged severally fourteen and ten, and are the darlings of their mother's heart.

Royal Motor-Carists.

King Edward possesses three motor-cars, two of British and one of French make. His Majesty's first experience of a horseless carriage was made some years ago in Warwickshire, and both when at Cannes and at Homburg last year he frequently accompanied some of his French friends who pride themselves on their skill as *chauffeurs*. The German

Emperor has not taken very kindly to automobiles, but several of the Russian Imperial Grand Dukes care for no other mode of locomotion, and the venerable Emperor of Austria took last week his first drive in this type of vehicle, his son-in-law, the Archduke Franz Salvator, being an enthusiastic motorist. The motor is likely to make certain parts of Europe far more popular than they have been. Prince Orloff has just left Monte Carlo, accompanied by several of his friends, for a motor-car trip through Northern Italy.



Crown Prince.

King Christian.

Prince Christian.

THE KING OF DENMARK AND SUCCESSORS TO THE DANISH THRONE.

Photo by Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

Followers of the gentle craft are much pleased with the news that, though the King

has felt bound to give up his office of Patron of the Thames Angling Preservation Society, yet he is to be succeeded in it by his son, the Duke of Cornwall and York. It is well known that both the Heir-Apparent and his Consort are enthusiastic disciples of Izaak Walton. Every year the Duke is in the habit of going North for salmon-fishing, and the Duchess, too, can boast some notable trophies of her rod. Perhaps the most whole-hearted devotee of the sport among the members of the Royal Family is the Duchess of Fife, who is said even to have actually invented a specially attractive fly.

The King's Patronage.

It is, I understand, a fact that a very rigorous examination will be made of the claims of various persons to the privilege of using the Royal Arms, not only over the doors of their business-houses, but also on letter-paper and circulars and in advertisements. Some little time back, before the death of Queen Victoria, a vigorous protest from the real Royal tradesmen resulted in a ukase being issued from the office of the Lord Chamberlain. As a matter of fact, however, there are many establishments, not only in London, but in the suburbs and the country, over which the Lion and the Unicorn complacently guard the other heraldic animals and the Irish Harp without the occupants of the premises having a shadow of right to the display. Very many years ago, Queen Victoria was obliged to buy a pair of gloves in a certain country-town. When the haberdasher learned the distinction conferred on his shop, he asked the Queen's messenger, an Equerry, if he might show the Royal Arms in future. "No," replied the latter; "the Royal hands."

The Swedish Hamiltons.

It was a happy thought to send the Duke of Abercorn as Ambassador-Extraordinary to Scandinavia and Russia, for the Hamiltons rank among the highest nobles of Sweden, and there are Muscovites of the same name. There are also Douglases, Bruces, and other Scottish names to be found in the great families of Sweden. Nearly all the holders of

these patrimonies are descended from Scottish gentlemen of fortune who took up arms with the "Lion of the North" so revered by Dugald Dalgetty. The Duke of Abercorn is also Duke of Chatelherault in France, though, of course, no Peerage is officially recognised by the Republic; and so, curiously enough, is the Duke of Hamilton, the reason being that the late Duke was—through his mother, a Princess of Baden—cousin of Napoleon III., who revived, in the person of his kinsman, a title conferred by the old Monarchy in 1549 on the Earl of Arran, Commander of the Scots Guards.

Lady Musgrave, who has just been appointed Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Victoria, their Majesties' only unmarried daughter, is one of the pretty daughters of Lord and Lady Suffield, and has long been on intimate terms not only with her new Royal mistress, but also with the Duchess of Fife and with Princess Charles of Denmark, while her sister, Miss Judith Harbord, was one of the most popular of the late Sovereign's

KING ALFRED'S KEEP, ARUNDEL CASTLE.

Photo by Frith and Co., Reigate

Maids-of-Honour. Lady Musgrave (once Miss Eleanor Harbord) is the sixth daughter of Lord and Lady Suffield, and her marriage to Sir Richard Musgrave, of Eden Hall, took place five years ago. Though they own a charming town-house in Charles Street, they spend most of the year on their lovely Cumberland estate, where, by the way, Princess Victoria has often been Lady Musgrave's guest. Sir Richard is the only son of Lady Brougham and Vaux, and Lady Musgrave is well known in Cannes society, where her mother-in-law and Lord Brougham have a delightful villa.

A Sussex Festivity. The lovely, sleepy little town of Arundel is to be full of unwonted animation to-day (April 10), for, by kind permission of the Duke of Norfolk, a grand dramatic entertainment will take place in the Great Hall of Arundel Castle, the proceeds to be entirely devoted to the Arundel Division of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. Mr. J. L. Shine is the organiser.

The Home of Alfred the Great. Just now, when certain enthusiasts are celebrating the millenary of Alfred the Great, it is interesting to recall that the first mention found of Arundel was in that Monarch's will, and there seems no doubt that the beautiful old Keep, which is the only portion of the Duke of Norfolk's Sussex home ever now shown to the public, was one of King Alfred's favourite country homes. The Castle figures at some length in Domesday Book, and the place was regarded of considerable importance by William the Conqueror, who gave the estate to one of his friends. It must have been as guest to this friend, Baron Montgomery, that William Rufus spent Easter in the year 1079.

A Royal Dower-House. For a while Arundel Castle was the dower-house of Henry the First's widow, and during that time the Empress Matilda, the latter's step-daughter, stayed some time at Arundel, making it her headquarters while she asserted her claim to the British Throne in opposition to Stephen. Curiously enough, the distaff has always played a part in the history of Arundel Castle, for this, one of the most stately homes of England, passed into the possession of the Howard family through the heiress of the Fitzalans, to whom the estate had belonged for three hundred years. This lady married the fourth Duke of Norfolk, bringing with her the Earldom of Arundel, which has long been the finest jewel in the Earl-Marshall's Ducal crown. She became the mother of two singularly unfortunate and yet historically interesting ancestors of the present Earl-Marshall—Duke Thomas, who was beheaded, and Philip Howard, the notable Elizabethan whose whole life reads like a romance,

and who finally suffered for the faith of which his latest descendant is so distinguished an ornament.

Arundel Castle. Arundel Castle, which, when seen from the railway and from the lowlands lining the Arun river, is one of the most beautiful buildings in the kingdom, is built round three sides of a square, on the fourth of which is the Round Tower, or ancient Keep. The Great Hall, where it has been arranged for the entertainment to take place, is situated below the Keep, in the inner court, and its windows command beautiful views of the country lying between Arundel, Chichester, Selsey, Bognor, and Littlehampton. The Great Hall has gone through many vicissitudes. The first Hall seems to have been built by Richard Fitzalan, who applied for the purpose the ransom of the prisoners taken by him at the battle of Cressy. When the Castle was besieged by the Parliamentary troops, this portion of it was practically reduced to ruins, and it has remained for the present Earl-Marshall to restore its pristine glories and to make it more or less a reproduction of a mediaeval Castle. Now, the Great Hall is one of the finest apartments of the kind in the world and admirably adapted for the holding of great entertainments.

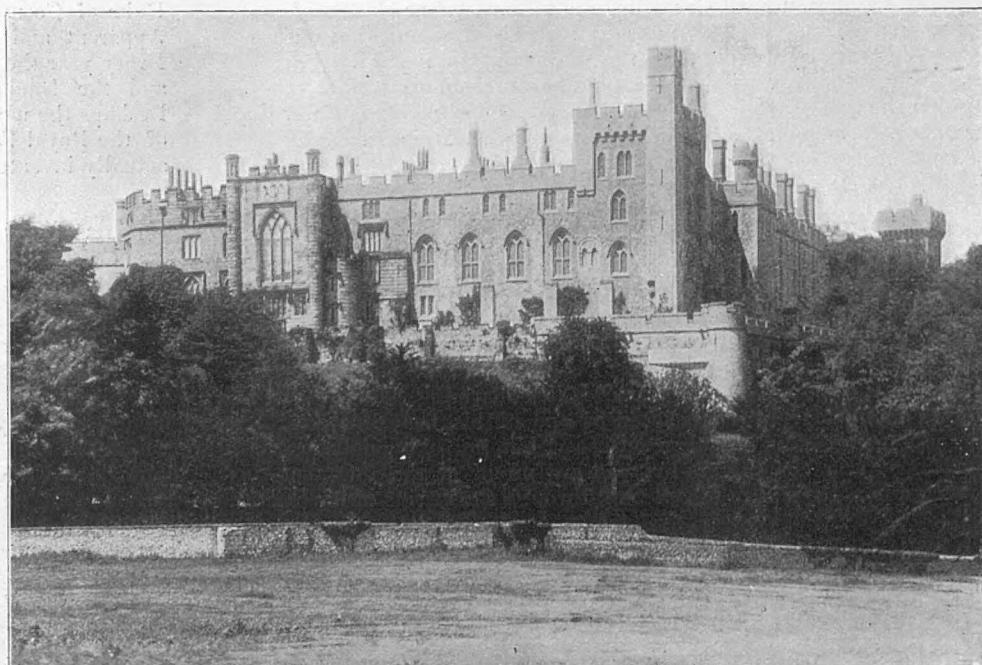
A Little-Known Fact. It has been said, and probably justly, that more money is spent at Arundel Castle each year than on any other palace or mansion in the United Kingdom.

One of the Earl-Marshall's ancestors who was devoted to his beautiful Sussex home took the precaution to tie up in a Trust a certain tract of land extending from the Strand to the Thames, which includes Arundel Street and Norfolk Street; the Trust was so arranged that the revenues, which, of course, increase each year as this portion of London becomes more and more valuable, can be used for no other purpose than the repair and improvement of Arundel Castle.

Controller of the King's "Navy." The appointment of Captain William Henry May to succeed Rear-Admiral A. K. Wilson as Controller of the Navy will give much satisfaction to the Sea-Service. Admiral Wilson takes command of the Channel Squadron, where he will be more in his element than at the Admiralty, while Captain May will find scope for his great knowledge of naval construction in general and of torpedoes in particular. It will be remembered that Captain May was in command of the Naval Contingent on the occasion of the Jubilee Procession in 1897; he has served in the Arctic regions and in China, and has the Arctic medal. Thirteen years ago, he added to the British Empire nearly fifty square miles by annexing Christmas Island, in the Indian Ocean.

The Island of Champion Crabs. It is curious that Captain May's promotion should coincide with Sir John Murray's return from the expedition to Christmas Island. Sir John Murray, who is, of course, the hero of the Challenger Expedition, has given a most interesting description of the curious red crabs with which the island is overrun. These creatures measure as much as eighteen inches across, and are excellent climbers of trees. They hatch their eggs on the shore, and return inland every year in vast armies.

Vice-Admiral Sir John Fullerton. Everyone who has ever had occasion to meet Vice-Admiral Sir John Fullerton either in his public or private capacity must regret that he will no longer command the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, though the regret is naturally much lessened by the fact of his giving place to Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, the gallant sailor-hero. Admiral Fullerton



ARUNDEL CASTLE, THE SUSSEX SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, WHERE A GRAND PATRIOTIC ENTERTAINMENT IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-DAY FOR CHARITABLE PURPOSES.

Photo by Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.

was specially retained in his position by Queen Victoria, with whom he was a great favourite, as he was also with all the members of the Royal Family and the ladies and gentlemen of the Court. There is a telephone from Osborne to Trinity Pier, East Cowes, and one of the Royal yachts is usually under steam. On one occasion, in the winter, however, something went wrong with the wire, and, when a distinguished



THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

party of foreign Princes arrived at the stage to cross Spithead, Admiral Fullerton was unprepared for them, having understood that the visitors would voyage later on in the day on the *Alberta*. Luckily, the little *Elfin* was ready to start, and the grandees were speedily put on board. When they got to Portsmouth, one of them, who had been dreadfully ill, was heard to say, "Why does not the Queen of England have bigger steamers?"

The Viceroy of Ireland. It is said in well-informed circles that the reason why Lord Cadogan has been induced to continue

Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for a year longer is because it is the desire of the King, on the return of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York from their Colonial tour, to make such alterations in the constitution of Dublin Castle as will convert it into a real Royal residence. It is well known that it was mainly owing to His Majesty's influence that his lamented mother visited the capital of Erin last year, and his sympathies with the Irish people are of a most practical nature. It is forgotten nowadays that when the King first joined the British Army he was quartered at the Curragh, where his experiences were full of good-humoured entertainment and plenty of fun. It must not, however, be supposed that the Duke of Cornwall and York will be made Viceroy. The Duke of Fife is a much more likely personage.

Lord Salisbury in the Sunny South. Lord Salisbury will feel greatly the changed conditions under which he returns to his beautiful villa at Beaulieu. The last time the Premier was at La Bastide, Lady Salisbury, to whom the charming estate owed its being, was by his side, and Queen Victoria was residing at Cimiez. The head of the House of Cecil has always been very much attached to France and to French life, and when in Paris each one of his children might well pass for Parisians, so perfect is their accent. This fact is easily accounted for. During their youth they spent each year a portion of their holidays at the Villa Cecil, a large cottage at Puy, near Dieppe. When this pretty suburb of the great maritime town became overrun with tourists, Lord and Lady Salisbury regretfully sold the villa, and moved their household gods to Beaulieu, a lovely village situated between Nice and Monte Carlo. Lady Salisbury herself in a great measure designed La Bastide, which is situated half-way up the mountain which towers above the Mediterranean at this point. Queen Isabella of Spain has twice been the Premier's tenant, and it was at one time rumoured that the jovial ex-Sovereign intended to purchase Lord Salisbury's villa as a residence for the Princess of the Asturias.

The Duchess of Wellington.

The Duchess of Wellington, who lent a number of very beautiful and valuable objects to the Exhibition lately held by the Royal Amateur Art Society at Chesterfield Gardens, is better known to most people under her old name of Lady Arthur Wellesley. She is now, however, the mistress of Apsley House, one of the most beautiful and stately of London Palaces, and it is said that next year the Duke and Duchess intend to entertain both in town and at Strathfieldsaye, so full of precious and ineffaceable memories of the "Iron Duke's" own age. At the present moment there are three ladies who are entitled to call themselves Duchess of Wellington—Elizabeth, Duchess of Wellington, the widow of the second Duke; Evelyn, Duchess of Wellington, the widow of the late holder of the title; and the present Duke's Duchess, *née* Williams. Apsley House is known to many Londoners, owing to the fact that its last owner allowed members of the Sunday Society to pay occasional visits to his historic mansion; but there is no Ducal residence less known to Society. It is, however, expected that the present Duchess will bring about a pleasant change in this respect.

Dan Leno on Wheels.

The Sketch, from time to time, has shown the inimitable Dan Leno in many forms and guises. My latest photo of this King of Music-Hall Comedians shows that his sense of the incongruous is quite as keen as his sense of humour. From his attitude, I should surmise that he has just alighted to drink in the very excellent view of the refreshment-room. Perhaps he will even go a step farther.

The Census Paper. One of the greatest successes of the Census-taking was the solemn warning issued to each and every citizen or citizeness to have his or her paper ready on the Monday morning. But few remembered that this same day was April 1! *Les poissons d'Avril* were made by thousands, and the greatest credit is due to the Registrar-General and Mr. Walter Long for the splendid way in which the joke was carried out. I venture to point out to these gentlemen that they are entirely wrong in this statement: "Such terms as 'Gentleman,' 'Esquire,' 'etc.' must not be used." What "etc." means I know not, but I may inform Mr. Long that any subject of the King entitled to bear Arms has a right to be described as a "Gentleman," and that the sons of Honourables and the eldest sons of Knights are officially "Esquires," as well as barristers, solicitors, magistrates, and others "living on their own means."

A Great Man's Son.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone has written a manifesto to his constituency which reminds one of his father's electioneering letters. His ability is greater than his reputation. The shadow of his father's fame is still upon him. As a Whip, it is not the duty of Mr. Gladstone to speak in the House, and



DAN LENO, THE CYCLING BEEFEATER.

Photo by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

therefore little is heard of him in the country. In the House of Commons, however, he is powerful. He has done a great deal to improve the personal relations of the occupants of the front Opposition bench, and he has done his best to put heart into the Liberal Party.



MISS SYBIL CARLISLE, WHO IS STILL SCORING NIGHTLY AS THE HEROINE IN "THE SECOND IN COMMAND," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photo by Hall.

When they cross to the right-hand of the Speaker, Mr. Gladstone will be an important member of the Cabinet. He is an admirable speaker, and his voice has tones which vibrate like the "Grand Old Man's."

Mr. Gully's Ordeal. On the eve of the Easter recess there were three great Parliamentary figures absent from the House of Commons—the Speaker, "C.-B.," and the chief Government Whip. Cold and hard work had told upon them. Mr. Gully has been subjected to a severe ordeal in the Chair. In any circumstances, it would have been hard to rule an obstructive Party, and the task has been made much heavier by the calling in of the police. The Nationalists show the Speaker no consideration. They keep him constantly on the alert while they strain the rules to breaking-point. Mr. Gully is cleverer than Lord Peel, but he does not impress the imagination of the House so strongly as did his predecessor. Yet the House knows him to be impartial. He is vigilant and firm, and his temper is even.

The Man of the Session. An orator and a leader! Few men answer to this double description in the House of Commons. Mr. John Redmond is one of the few. With him rest the Parliamentary honours of the first section of the Session. He has drilled a Party and has made himself an enormous power. It is Mr. Redmond and not "C.-B." who is the real Leader of the Opposition. He bargains with the Government, and, failing a bargain, he dictates what is to be done. New Irish grievances and new modes of obstruction have been discovered by Mr. Redmond; his Party is the best-disciplined in the House; he has caused it to be a terror, and yet he himself is always gentleman-like. Scarcely ever is he absent during a sitting. When his presence is needed, it can be relied upon in the corner below the Gangway. He has grown very stout, but the leanest man is not more active, and the strongly marked features, with the prominent nose, are increasingly suggestive of power.

Aguinaldo "Scotched." The De Wet Americans have been fighting, Emilio Aguinaldo, President of the Republic of the Philippine Islands, as he used grandiloquently to describe himself, has met his Waterloo at last, and, though not killed, he has been "scotched." Now, at last, if he is not at rest, he will cease from troubling, although it is never safe to prophesy about that little, undersized, wiry, "picturesque brute," as someone once called him. Like De Wet indeed, seeing that for the past year every effort of the Army of the United States has been exerted in order to catch this young man; he has already been reported to have been killed in battle three times, captured five times, and his dead body has been identified even more often still. It is no exaggeration to say that to attain the result which has, according to the telegrams, been at last achieved, the Government of the United

States has been spending millions of money and the lives of thousands of men, for Aguinaldo is popularly believed to be the very heart and soul of the Philippine trouble. Born thirty-two years ago at Cavité Viego, he was intended for the Ministry, and studied to that end at Madrid; but he found the study of theology not congenial, and migrated to Paris, in order to learn medicine. Medicine, in turn, not being congenial, he went back to the Philippines and threw himself into public life with such zeal that at five-and-twenty he was elected Mayor of his native town. Shortly after that, the revolution against Spain began, and he placed himself at the head of the insurgent forces, winning four victories against the Spaniards. Eventually, after proclaiming the independence of the Philippines, he defied the Commander-in-Chief and attacked the United States defence at Manila, and that after he had been an ally of the American forces until a few months before.

Anecdote of Aguinaldo. Absolutely fearless, he puts his head into the noose, utterly regardless of consequences. On one occasion, soon after he was recognised as leader of

the Revolutionary Party, a reward of £5000 was offered for his head. He wrote to the Governor-General that he wanted the money, and would deliver himself up on payment of the reward. One day, a monk, whose clothes ensured his safe passage to the Commander-in-Chief's presence, entered the room, and, throwing back his cowl, revealed the presence of Aguinaldo himself. "I want that money, and I have come for it," he said, drawing a revolver; "pay now or die!" The man paid, and Aguinaldo, with the money in his pocket, retired as he had come, a monk. This anecdote gives the most vivid idea of the mental and moral nature of the man. Physically, he is another example of the great little men, for he is only five-feet-four high, as strong as a piece of steel wire, and very subtle. He has a yellow skin, curious, bright, beady eyes, and the typical expression of the Oriental. Now that the Americans have got him, the next question to be decided is, What will they do with him?

Maurice Barrymore. The news that Mr. Maurice Barrymore has become insane will be received with great regret by the whole playgoing community, for he has long been held in high regard by the regular theatre-goer, ever since the days of the Bancroft management at the Haymarket, where he figured as the hero of many plays. It was at the Haymarket, too, that his play, "Nadjesda," was given; but, in spite of its undoubted strength, the horrors with which it was crammed prevented its acceptance, and it did not enjoy the vogue which it undoubtedly had on the other side of the Atlantic, with Madame Modjeska in the leading part.

Miss Ethel Henry. I am glad to hear that Miss Ethel Henry, a clever and lovely lady, is making quite a stir amongst the patrons of dramatic art across the Atlantic. London has done a good deal for American artists; Miss Henry is "getting a bit of our own back."



MISS ETHEL HENRY, WHO HAS LATELY BECOME FAMOUS IN AMERICA AS A DRAMATIC RECITER.

Photo by Dupont, New York.

Mr. J. Reginald Thomas.

A courteous and honourable gentleman it is always a pleasure to meet, Sir Douglas Straight, the clear-headed and accomplished Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, retires from the Presidency of the London District of the Institute of Journalists, I am sure, with the highest respect and warmest regards of all his colleagues. The unfailing tact and urbanity of Sir Douglas Straight did much to secure the complete success of the last London Conference of the Institute of Journalists, and it would be the height of ingratitude not to recognise his unselfish services as a devoted Chairman. In succeeding Sir Douglas Straight as President of the London District, Mr. J. Reginald Thomas, M.A., LL.B., who is on the staff of the *Daily Chronicle*, has no easy task before him. But his qualifications for the post are many. Eldest son of Mr. Henwood Thomas, for many years Parliamentary Lobbyist and leader-writer for the same paper, Mr. Reginald Thomas was educated at the



MR. J. REGINALD THOMAS, M.A., LL.B.,
CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON DISTRICT OF THE INSTITUTE
OF JOURNALISTS.

Photo by Wallace Bennett, Newquay.

Wesleyan (now Queen's) College, and at St. John's, Cambridge, and matriculated at London University. Called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1881, Mr. Thomas has, however, devoted himself to journalism, and, prior to his election as President, served the London District of the Institute of Journalists as Honorary Secretary, Treasurer,



MISS PORTIA WRIGHT.

AN AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO IS REPORTED TO HAVE BROUGHT AN ACTION FOR BREACH OF PROMISE AGAINST THE NEWLY MARRIED DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

and Vice-Chairman. He is also a member of the Committee of that useful institution for working journalists, the London Press Club, in Wine Office Court. Joining Cambridge University Rifle Volunteers soon after he became an Undergraduate, Mr. Thomas was appointed a Corporal of the St. John's Company, and before leaving the University took a commission in the 2nd Middlesex Volunteer Artillery, in which regiment he now holds the rank of Captain.

The late James Stephens.

Who would believe that this is a faithful counterfeit presentment of one of the most formidable conspirators of the Victorian era—of James Stephens, chief organiser of the Irish Republican Brotherhood? The portrait is but a fresh proof of how deceptive appearances often are. In point of fact, it was one of the most revolutionary spirits that death removed on March 29. James Stephens was the son of a County Kilkenny farmer. His record is a veritable romance. Starting life as an engineer, he was stimulated by the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen to join in the Smith O'Brien rising—an unmitigated failure—is said to have escaped to France disguised as a lady's maid (according to the Dublin *Evening Mail*), subsequently started the secret society known as the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and enrolled members in the United States and in Ireland, was arrested for treason-felony at Fairfield House, Sandymount, made his escape from Richmond Prison, and lived in Paris till '91, when he



THE LATE JAMES STEPHENS. CHIEF ORGANISER OF THE IRISH REPUBLICAN BROTHERHOOD.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

returned to Dublin. This stormy petrel of the Irish revolutionary movement died on March 29 at Blackrock.

The Kaiser.

The German Emperor (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) has so far recovered from his indisposition as to be able to ride out on horseback and attend to the usual routine of business as before the accident. The other day, His Imperial Majesty unveiled three new statues in the Sieges Allee, in the Tiergarten, the one representing the Great Elector, the second King Frederick William III., and the other Emperor William I. The ceremony was performed with all the pomp and ceremonial usually attendant on such proceedings. The Kaiser, who arrived in a closed carriage with the Empress, wore the uniform of the 1st Regiment of Guards; then followed Prince Eitel Fritz, wearing the uniform of the same regiment, Prince Adalbert in naval uniform, and Princes August Wilhelm and Oscar in plain clothes. The Emperor carefully inspected each of the new statues, engaged the different Princes and members of the aristocracy who attended the function in animated conversation, and seemed, in fact, to be quite his old self again. I saw him again to-day riding in Unter den Linden, with a whole suite of officers. He looked as eager and energetic as ever, but still decidedly pale. The mark of the wound, which is now quite healed up, was very visible even at a distance of ten yards. Private individuals, though always averse to speaking about the Emperor at all, for fear of offending against the strict law of *lèse-majesté*, express themselves less covertly and guardedly than usual respecting his most recent speeches, and a wave of discontent and disquietude can be plainly observed by a careful onlooker to be passing through the land.

Mr. Lawrence Leyton.

Mr. Lawrence Leyton, a young actor of good presence who won his spurs under Mr. Arthur Collins at Drury Lane, has just added to his reputation by learning, and playing, an important part at only a day's notice, and is now touring as Laurence Fordham in "Foiled by Fate."

Working the Breeches Buoy. One of the most effective appliances for decreasing the toll of dead which the sea every year demands is the rocket apparatus, the working of which is shown by this photograph. Really, this is a naval appliance, and forms part of the equipment of Coastguard stations; which are, it is needless to say, in charge of naval men. In order to make them expert in the use of this valuable life-saving apparatus, our Jack Tars are practised in handling it, just as they are in other kinds of drill, for a British warship is a kind of floating Royal Humane Society station. Her crew are always ready to succour vessels in distress, and are provided with the necessary means for doing this. Many instances might be cited of shipwrecked crews that have been saved by the efforts of British Bluejackets, whose bravery, supplemented by their special training for this kind of work, has enabled them to earn rewards and thanks for life-saving from almost every Maritime Power.

For obvious reasons, the rocket apparatus is principally used from stations on shore. To illustrate the method of working it, we will suppose that a Coastguard look-out man from his station on the beach sees a vessel driving ashore. Quickly as possible, he transmits news of the impending disaster to the little knot of straight-faced houses, with a flag-pole in front of them, which constitutes the Coastguard station. Out trots the officer in charge and his men with the rocket apparatus. It is useless to launch a boat, so the officer determines to "try her mainmast." A tripod is fixed up, and in this a huge rocket is laid, which a Coastguardsman aims carefully so that its flight shall be just over the vessel amidships — as near her mainmast as possible. A match is applied to the fuse, and the rocket goes hissing on its mission, throwing out a broad tail of fire behind it. Attached to the rocket is a light rope, which, if the missile has been well aimed, drops athwart the distressed ship. Her crew know well what to do. They seize the line and begin hauling away until a stout cable is dragged aboard. This is made fast to the mast by the crew, who signal when their task is done.

Meanwhile, the Coastguardsmen ashore have been making all taut at their end, and in a short time what is really an aerial railway is rigged up. Dependent from this by a pulley is a circular piece of hooped canvas, with two holes for the legs to go through. It is called the "breeches buoy," and its name well describes its construction. This is sent spinning along the cable to the ship. There, one of the wrecked crew climbs into it, gives the signal, and the Coastguardsmen, by means of a line attached to the buoy, haul him ashore. The buoy is pulled back to the ship again by means of a line which the crew have by this time been furnished with. Backward and forward the buoy travels until the work of rescue is complete.

The Paris Season. French Society (writes my Paris Correspondent) has kept Lent more strictly than usual this year. But there is a reaction in view which will make the Season more brilliant than ever. There is an interminable list announced of high-life weddings and dinners and fêtes. The French ladies have become very

expert in conducting their own "teuf-teuf," and automobile coaching will be the rage. Already the Count and Countess of Chasseloup-Laubat are in the Sahara with an automobile, and have made a record of eleven hours over a route which takes a caravan seven days! In the official world, Madame Loubet will give very soon a great dinner and ball in honour of M. Paul Deschanel and his bride, and it is expected that, in their turn, the Deschanels will open the Palais-Bourbon to some splendid receptions.

M. Loubet's Journey.

Down at Toulon, where M. Loubet has gone on a three days' visit, the canons are wreathed with violets. The review which he will witness is not of soldiers, but of musical societies, for this is the musical nursery of France, and the mock battle in his honour will be a battle of flowers.

And it is easy to believe that to this good-humoured, kindly gentleman such reviews and such battles are the sort which please him best. One does not imagine him in a scene of carnage. It is probable, however, that one new sensation will be offered him; they promise him a voyage in a submarine boat, from which they will launch torpedoes under the sea.

The Duke of Genoa, being at the same time a Royal Prince and the representative of the King of Italy, has been received at Toulon with all the ceremony observed for a Sovereign. Considered a personal guest of the President, a part of M. Loubet's suite is put at his service, and the troops are lavished in his honour. His ship is to be connected with shore by a telegraph-line. Some forty deputies have followed M. Loubet, and it is said that behind the Duke of Genoa are a number of members of the Italian Parliament. Toulon receives this homage as one to whom it is due, for Toulon turns up her nose at Paris, and considers herself the intellectual centre of France.

No one is surprised that M. Waldeck-Rousseau has broken down in health. He has borne the weight of the Republic on his shoulders for two years, to say nothing of arbitrating all the

strikes, which have not been few. In the discussion of the law on the Religious Associations, which has lasted two months, he has borne the brunt of the discussion for the Bill, and has won a triumph which the Republic has been desiring for twenty years. Even in his bed last week, and in spite of the doctors, he received the delegates from Marseilles, who imagine that nobody else can settle their difficulties. Madame Waldeck-Rousseau is now taking him to Venice, where, rocked in a gondola, he may forget that he is the Nestor of an unquiet race.

The Marquise de Gallifet.

This elegant and distinguished woman was one of the last of the beauties of the French Imperial Court. Her life presented great contrasts. Born of a bourgeois family, she became the intimate friend of the Empress Eugénie. Midway in life, she separated from her husband. When this last became Minister of War, three years ago, he reigned at the Place Beauvais in solitude. What has been sown has always a harvest-time.



THE "HANDY MAN" WORKING THE BREECHES-BUOY LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS: PRACTISING THE SAVING OF A SUPPOSED SHIPWRECKED CREW.

Photo by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

She who would so mightily have graced the Ministerial Palace was living retired in the Rue Constantine, receiving only her faithful friends. One of her sons is married to Miss Stevens, whose mother is, by second marriage, the present Duchess de Dino. King Edward VII. sent a wreath for her bier, and his representative followed her to the tomb.



MISS MARGARET RADCLIFFE.
ON TOUR IN GEORGE EDWARD'S
TRAVELLING COMPANY.

Photo by James Bacon and Sons, Leeds.

forming long cloistered galleries, after the Italian manner. The City Architect, M. Bouvard, is going to make himself a place beside Baron Haussmann, of Empire fame, with this difference, that, instead of emptying, he intends to fill the public pocket, for they say the work will cost a million francs, but the land sold on each side for buildings will bring in six millions. It is, therefore, a fine speculation.

The Abbé Hertzog. The Abbé Hertzog, Curé of the Madeleine, is dead. No priest in Paris has had a more agitated career. He was Confessor to the family of Félix Faure, and was charged with bringing pressure to bear on that President in favour of the Royalist Party, through the medium of Mdlle. Lucie Faure. Also it was he who, after several Bishops had declined the dangerous honour, proceeded to London two years ago to bless the marriage of Prince Jean of Orleans. He pronounced on this occasion a eulogy of the Orleans family which was violently attacked in France. Later, he had the imprudence to sympathise openly with the Assumptionists, whom the Government had disbanded, and so was excused from his function of Almoner at the Elysée, which post he had hitherto held. He was a great favourite with the Cardinal.

Exhibition Wreckage. I felt it a duty (continues the Paris representative of *The Sketch*) to go down and look at the great Exhibition that opened just one year ago. It seemed like wandering in No Man's Land. The gorgeous Italian Palace was only a skull; the English, the American, and the German were razed to the ground. A single blow of the pickaxe sent a whole section of blue and gold crashing to the ground. What would have happened had a fire ever broken out it is awful to think, when the flimsiness of the buildings is revealed. The Government did well in refusing to allow the Show to remain open this year. Many of the palaces round the Tour Eiffel which have not been even touched are crumbling to pieces, and a gale would blow them out of existence.

A Strange Play. Gustave Guichés gave promise in "Snobs" of much better work than he has shown in "Ménage Moderne," at the Théâtre Sara-Bernhardt. It is something on the lines of Lavedan's "Vieux Marcheur," which was a joyous chaff at poor Meilhac and his very human life. Guichés, without saying so, treats in a modern and even coarse fashion a passage in the life of Victor Hugo which might well have been left alone. Some of the older of us remember that strange ménage of his beautiful wife, née Mdlle. Fouquet, and his wild affection for Mdlle. Drouet, who created the chief rôle in his "Lucrèce Borgia." But it is not a subject for the stage.

The Concours Hippique. The changing of the times and the manners! The annual Concours Hippique at the Grand Palais, Paris, hardly excites any fashionable attention; while the automobile races at Nice are followed with the keenest interest and Special Correspondents are on the spot.

The Entente Cordiale. Mr. Thomas Barclay, the former President of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, deserves well of England for his persistent endeavours to bring about a sound, friendly feeling between England and France. Many years ago he was associated with De Blowitz on the *Times* Paris staff, and there probably learnt much of the frothy nature of the pretended differences between the two countries. Leaving journalism for the law, he established one of the largest practices in Paris, and is the

recognised authority on International Law. It was his powerful appeal to the French Press that stamped out the insulting cartoons of the late Queen in the early Transvaal War days. "Attack us as much as you like," he said, "but do not touch the Queen." His appeal was quoted high and low, and respected. His recent appeal for the olive-branch has created an excellent effect.

The Pen and the Sword. I fancy that a better understanding will come in the fierce competition between the six-, eight-, and even ten-page Parisian halfpenny papers. All of

them have special wires with London, and now the Frenchman knows the result of the University Boat Race or the Derby as soon as it is known in English provincial towns, while Parliament and the International football-matches are served up, with excellent descriptions, on the following morning. What is even more satisfactory is that the English telegrams are not garbled, but left as they stand and their source acknowledged. Truly, the pen is mightier than the sword!

Lord Rosebery in Paris. I should take it that there was no man living that feels less on his conscience than does Lord Rosebery. He left the Louvre Galleries and turned

down the Rue de Rivoli. I followed him, as I had half-an-hour to kill. He stopped before a toy-shop, and was amused for ten minutes watching the mechanical inventions. He then went through the boxes of soiled photographs sold at a penny or twopence. He bought some and looked as though he felt he had a bargain. He listened with interest to some itinerant musicians singing a love-song, looked in every picture-shop with the interest of a country visitor, and, if anyone had told the ordinary Frenchman that this quiet-looking gentleman had once been on the verge of declaring war with France, he would have whistled "Le Sabre de mon Père" in a minor key.

The Royal Portrait-Painter. Referring to the interview with M. Benjamin-Constant published a fortnight ago in *The Sketch*, a personal friend of the Master writes: "Years ago, Benjamin-Constant was one of the finest swordsmen in France, and as a horseman had few equals. Although a non-smoker, he delights in the odour of the weed, and it is only when the cigars are well alight that he brings out his anecdotes that have secured for him the reputation of being the first diner-out in Paris. Although he has few prejudices one way or the other, you have only to mention the name of Sir John Millais to rouse him. And then, indeed, you have an idea of the enthusiasm that one Master can have for another's work. He is conscientious to a degree in his correspondence, and at half-past seven every morning he starts a post that would stagger a Prime Minister."

A Story of Compiègne. La Marquise de Gallifet was the leading walking lady in the famous plays written by Sardou, Augier, and Adam for the Napoleonic Court festivals at

Compiègne. And, in this connection, here is a story that is amusing at the beginning, but tragic in the end. Darboy, Bishop of Nancy, had conducted the service in the Royal Chapel. It was a broilingly hot day, and, wandering through the château and tired out to exhaustion, he slept. Napoleon III. entered by hazard, and mistaking the silver-buckled shoes and the silk stockings for those of a lady, stooped over and kissed the tired Bishop. The latter started up dumfounded. "Tiens!" said the Emperor; "I thought it was La Marquise de Gallifet, and I wanted to win a pair of gloves." The Bishop was, a few days afterwards, appointed to the Archbishopric of Paris, and was one of the first victims of the Communards. A fatal pleasure!

Under the title of "Picturesque Ireland," Mr. Alexander Williams exhibits a collection of work at the Modern Gallery, including representations of various rustic scenes, characteristic "bits" from the coasts, lakes, and rivers, and a commemorative painting of "Queen Victoria's Last Visit to Ireland." The artist uses both oil and water-colour, and the Exhibition, as a whole, manifests a deep appreciation of the wild scenery, rich colour, and atmosphere that distinguish the Emerald Isle. Mr. Williams, however, is somewhat variable in executive skill, and has an occasional tendency to become heavy in colour. "Blacksod Bay," with delicately rendered corn-sheaves in the foreground, is among the best of the works.



MISS AMY COLERIDGE,
IN "SWEET PRUE," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



"THE CYCLE—AND HOW TO ABUSE IT."

CALM your fears, my dear young lady. I do not intend to set before you a list of words and phrases applicable to a refractory gear-case, a mysterious squeak, or a non-discoverable puncture. Your brothers, I know, would far rather cultivate their sense of the ornately artistic by thinking out these indications of virile dissatisfaction on their own account, whilst, as regards your demure and dignified self, any and every situation of the kind can be readily and neatly summed up in the feminine word, "Bother!" We will leave to others, therefore, the task of compiling the "Cyclist's Handbook of Technical Expletives," and pass on to the discussion of "The Cycle, and how to put it to its best use as an instrument of torture when applied to one's fellow-creatures." That is what I really mean by abusing the cycle, and is the sub-head to the little Manual from which I propose to make a few extracts. Were it not for the fact that I am confined to one page, I would have put it all in large caps. at the head of the article.

Now, in the first place, you must not hope or expect to become a complete cycling nuisance without taking pains about the matter. Rome, you know, was not built in a day, and so, if at first you find yourself rather popular on the road than otherwise, just set your teeth and determine to go right through with it all the same. I know several people who quite despaired, at one time, of ever being able to sweep a lame man's crutch from under him, or knock over a baby in a perambulator; but now, bless you, they can frighten old ladies into double A1 fits as easily as they can say "Pip! pip!" Ingenuity, callousness, and experience—those are the qualities that have pulled them through.

But the novitiate in the art of unpleasant cycling must wobble before he can scorch. Therefore, I would like to suggest one or two simple little methods of annoyance suitable for beginners, which may be found in Part I. of the manual and is entitled "The Annoying of Non-Cyclists." The simplest, perhaps, and, at the same time, one of the most effective, is the "Bell-Ringing or Horn-Blowing Trick." It is done as follows: Having thoroughly mastered the art of ringing your bell or blowing your horn without falling off, choose a quiet country lane and steal noiselessly along it until you sight a likely-looking subject for your experiment. (This trick is most effective when played upon nervous people, and, having in view the possible after-results, the accomplished trickster usually selects as his opponent in the game a woman or a very old man. Even if the man is a centenarian, it is as well to make sure that he is not carrying a stick or umbrella.) Advance very cautiously until you are within twenty or thirty yards of your victim; then, grasping the handles firmly, dart forward at



SHOOT SUDDENLY
BETWEEN
THE TWO.

occasions, the pupil may next proceed to the "Horse-frightening Trick," which is really an amusing variant of the above. As before, it is advisable to take the precaution of playing it upon ladies—that is, unless the trickster desires to introduce an element of danger to himself into the game. If the horse refuses to be frightened by the sound of the horn or bell and by the sudden appearance of the cyclist, a good deal of discomfort to the lady driver may be caused by darting continually from one side of the road to the other, keeping about ten yards from the horse's head. This trick, however, since it is obviously done to annoy the driver, should be practised only in districts where the trickster is absolutely unknown.

We will now presume that the pupil is becoming an expert in the mastery of his machine, and has also contrived to overcome any chance scruples or stray feelings of decency that may at first have impeded his progress. He will, therefore, pass on to Part II. in the course of instruction, which is entitled "The Annoying of Fellow-Cyclists." And,

since the Cycling Terror is not blessed with a large amount of originality, it will probably occur to him about this time to try the "Shooting Trick." All that is required for this remarkably simple but telling exhibition of bad manners is a level or descending stretch of road, and two ladies in front of the performer riding about a yard or two yards apart. The usual thing under these circumstances is to "shoot" suddenly between the two. The effect is often heightened by a sudden shout or toot-tooting of a horn at the moment of shooting.

The "Hanging-on Trick" is also much in vogue, partly on account of the annoyance it causes to the victim of the trickster, and partly because it really saves the latter a certain amount of fatigue and trouble. This merely consists in keeping close behind a lady or gentleman cyclist who is gamely struggling along in the face of a stiff breeze. Not only does this give the hanger-on the opportunity of enjoying

his victim's exasperation, but he also has the satisfaction of knowing that he is, literally speaking, entirely within his rights.

In addition to the Tricks, the complete Cycling Terror will also take care to acquire a certain amount of finish in the matter of general misbehaviour. When calling at inns, for example, he will never fail to put his feet on the parlour-table, insult the waitress, grumble about the food, make reflections on the general character of the house and the honesty of the landlord, and, if in any way possible, ride off without paying his bill. It is also possible for an expert at the game to gain quite an envied reputation amongst his fellows by doing some surreptitious damage which will not be discovered until he is miles away and well out of danger.

Some attention must also be paid to the matter of pedestrian-reviling. A nursemaid with a perambulator, for example, affords our pupil an excellent opportunity for giving off an unprovoked insult, whilst an old dame who happens to be on the other side of the hedge, and therefore immune from the "Bell-Ringing Trick," may be caused considerable pain by an apt if not very subtle reference to her probable age or her personal appearance. Parsons, again, being men of peace, may be treated with a proportionate lack of respect, although it would be as well for the student if he previously turned up Note E, in the Appendix, on "Muscular Christianity: Its Surprises, and How to Guard Against Them."

It is not possible in this leaflet to give more than a bare outline of the many methods which the Cycling Terror may employ to render himself extremely unpopular and justly disliked. Full details, however, will be found in this little manual, entitled "The Cycle—and How to Abuse It," which may be obtained, very cheaply, from the Headquarters of the Cycling Hooligans' Club. It is supplied free, together with the Club-badge, to members who can prove at least three convictions for disorderly conduct and gratuitously obnoxious behaviour.



INSULT THE
WAITRESS

lightning speed and ring your bell as sharply and loudly as possible. It is advisable not to collide with the subject, but you need not mind running over an extra toe or so. Immediately on the conclusion of the performance, make a neat but rapid exit from the scene of your triumph by the nearest side-road.

When this simple feat has been successfully accomplished on several

FRIGHTEN OLD LADIES
INTO DOUBLE
A1 FITS



"Chicst"

THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN SQUADRON.

THE state of affairs in South Africa just now makes the command of the British Navy there one of great responsibility. With an immense coast-line to guard, and a very small number of ships to do it with, the task of the Naval Commander-in-Chief on the Cape Station can be efficiently carried out only by a thoroughly capable man. Accordingly, when it was announced the other day that Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Harris, the trusted occupant of the post, was about to return to England, a vast amount of interest was naturally manifested in the name of his successor. Sir Robert had done so well during his tenure of the appointment that, large as is the list of first-class officers, naval men freely declared that "my Lords" of Whitehall would be hard put to it to replace him. Resource, however, has invariably been a well-developed attribute of the Admiralty, and it did not fail them at this juncture. No Vice-Admirals being available, a Rear-Admiral was promptly selected, in the person of Rear-Admiral

ARTHUR WILLIAM MOORE, C.B., C.M.G.

This officer left Portsmouth a fortnight ago, and should arrive at Simon's Town in a few days' time.

The vessel in which Admiral Moore is going out to the Cape is H.M.S. *Gibraltar*. Commissioned on March 5 last, she is one of the finest cruisers in the Service. Her armament consists of twelve guns, and, as her crew is a "picked one," she may be confidently relied upon to give an excellent account of herself should she ever have occasion to try conclusions with a hostile craft. The *Gibraltar's* chief officers, after Admiral Moore, are Captain A. H. Limpus and Commander L. Clinton-Baker. On arrival at the Cape, she will be joined by Lieutenant Walters, who is at present doing duty in H.M.S. *Doris*, the flagship of Admiral Harris.

The work of an officer in the British Navy is of so varied and exhaustive a nature that he has to start learning it at a very early age. Consequently, if a boy intends to go to sea, he has to commence his studies for the purpose almost as soon as he has mastered his alphabet. This, at any rate, was the case with Admiral Moore, for he

ENTERED THE NAVY WHEN ONLY THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.

This was in 1860, a date when the present-day Belleville boilers and quick-firing guns had not been dreamed of. Indeed, at that time there were not wanting plenty of naval men to prophesy certain disaster for Old England as the result of introducing steam-power into ships-of-war! What these old veterans would have said to the *Gibraltar's* torpedo-gear is beyond imagination.



REAR-ADMIRAL A. W. MOORE, C.B., C.M.G., THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA STATION. HIS FLAGSHIP IS H.M.S. "GIBRALTAR."

Photo by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Compared with the rate obtaining in the Army, naval promotion is somewhat slow, and thus it usually takes a sailor a good many years to become a Captain. In Admiral Moore's case, at any rate, twenty-four years passed between the date of his first going to sea and of his

ELEVATION TO CAPTAIN IN 1884.

Just two years before this he took part in the Egyptian War that was so successfully carried through by Lord Wolseley. The vessel in which he was serving at the time was the *Orion*. This he commanded with such conspicuous ability that his name was noted for early advancement, in accordance with the naval custom. Admiral Moore has not done all his

fighting from the deck of a ship, however, for early in the Egyptian campaign he landed with a brigade that was made up of bluejackets from the fleet, and accompanied the troops into the desert. While thus engaged he took part in the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. This was one of the most fiercely contested engagements of the war, and no small part of the credit for bringing it to a successful conclusion is due to the splendid manner in which Admiral Moore led his men on this occasion.

For the excellent services he rendered in this first Egyptian War, Admiral Moore was made a Companion of the Bath, and granted the Order of the Medjidie (3rd Class), in addition to receiving the medal and Khedival Star that were issued to all taking part in the campaign. Highly esteemed by him as are these decorations, he wears another that he values even more. This is one which was awarded him in 1874 by the Royal Humane Society for saving life at sea under particularly gallant circumstances.

In 1889, Admiral Moore was selected by the Government to represent England at the Anti-Slavery Conference that was held at Brussels in that year. Shortly after his duties in connection with this matter had been completed, he was appointed to the Australian Station. While serving in the Antipodes, he was for twelve months a member of the Australian Defence Committee, and during this period did a great deal to

put the coast-defences of the Commonwealth on a satisfactory footing.

As Naval Commander-in-Chief at the Cape of Good Hope, Admiral Moore will have charge of a

FLEET OF SEVENTEEN SHIPS.

The chief of these are the *Forte* (ten guns), *Philomel* (eight guns), *Monarch* (seven guns), and *Barracouta* (six guns). These are all twin-screw cruisers, except the *Monarch*, which is officially described as an armoured battleship. At the present moment she is employed as a guardship at Simon's Town.

In the rare intervals when he is not afloat, Admiral Moore may be found enjoying a well-earned spell of leisure at his town house, No. 21, Chester Square, S.W.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

The Little Bill—No Taxation Without Assassination—Budgets by Bayonet—The Wealth of Our Bankrupts—The Teetotaller as Criminal—Carrying On—A National Scandal—Disastrous Effects of the Royal Tour—Seventy Miles of Gold.

SEttling an account, according to Molière, is the most unpleasant thing in life, so the introduction of the Budget which will pay for the War should be marked by a day of national vituperation. Briefly, the problem is to find the most defenceless class, and to tax it in the way which will elicit the least abuse. A man will cheerfully pay ten pounds a-year by an impost of twopence each on his cigars who would think himself intolerably oppressed if asked for a sovereign in direct taxation.

The intricacy of our Budget system compares unfavourably with that, for instance, of China. Here revenue is obtained without political complications, red tape, popular representation, or any other nonsense of the kind. Each official "squeezes" a recognised fifty per cent. or so of the income of his subordinate; the robbery continues in a geometrical progression up to the mandarin, and the Emperor, making out the total amount stolen from last year's estimates, adds a sum corresponding with the increase in population, and makes a final inclusive extortion from the mandarin. Anyone suspected of being rich has pressure put upon him by being boiled until he disgorges. In Turkey, the householder is plundered as far as can be done short of arousing a greater Revolution than the Army will stand without joining it in order to secure its arrears of pay.

In Morocco, the Budget decreases in intensity in any given district as the square of the distance from the capital. At a certain point, the tax-collectors are more likely to be murdered than to murder, and, moreover, may take to private pillage as more profitable than the authorised highway robbery for the Government. A successful financial year, however, enables a larger gang of cut-throats to be hired to extort an increased revenue for the next.

Bankrupts should be taxed of some of their enormous incomes. Mr. Pooley is found living at the rate of £15,000 a-year, just as young Mr. Graball, leaving New York a blighted and broken man, took with him a miserable four millions saved from the crash. Contrast the millionaires. According to their own statements, they pay away most of their profits in income-tax, and, when they die, lose the rest in death duties.

An earnest protest has just been made in the papers against the selfish, lemonade-sodden teetotaller who has for so many years escaped the taxation exacted from the patriotic wine-bibber. "A well-conducted public-house is a benefit to the locality in which it is placed," said the Rev. Stewart Headlam the other day. Yet under the present régime the "water monopolist" lives at the expense of the "Moderate." The contemptible abstainer evades his duties as a citizen, while the public-spirited drunkard (the adjective is used in its fullest sense) pays for the Army. And what of all the past years of extortion from the praiseworthy hard-drinker? It is not too much to hope that, as a slight compensation, all duties will be taken off wine, spirits, and beer, and transferred to temperance beverages, ginger-beer being then sold at three-and-six a pint bottle, and fourpence being charged for a "two" of lemonade. The protest being now prominently made in the newspapers, the Government is sure to be officially aware of it within a quarter of a century.

Nation-alist tendencies have broken out in Scarborough. A woman with a hatchet has demolished a local public-house in the new American style. She has rightly been imprisoned, instead of being interviewed, police-protected, and formed into a limited company for the invasion of neighbouring districts. Heavens! Should women be allowed, in gratifying a criminal self-indulgence, to wreck the happiness of decent, peaceful homes, lead their patient and uncomplaining husbands the lives of dogs, and ruin prosperous houses of business? If the thoughtless and depraved would only reflect on the misery created by their giving way to their low instincts!

The general principle may be good. Why not a combined attack on these perpetual "annual sales" at the large shops, so demoralising to our wives and daughters, and a dynamitard agitation against the modern "At Home"? If the Legislature persists in not making the holding of bazaars a felony, a few determined men, armed with the combustibles, could light such a fire in England as would never be put out. And these temperance Kensitesses must not be allowed to Carrie—carry, I should say—their pernicious habits into this country. Any more imports from America, even of the most useful reforms, must cease. As things are going, the Millennium and the Day of Judgment will have to be introduced *via* the United States.

No doubt, the temptations to hard-drinking are too common. "Travelling on the Twopenny Tube," she alleged, so overpowered a housemaid the other day that she had to have two glasses of port. A gentleman who failed at the police-station to walk the official chalk-line with steadiness said his condition was due to his brother being in Germany. On a similar principle, one of the latest "drunks" blamed the Duke of Cornwall's arrival at Aden for his forgetting himself. And

we can, at least, understand his ease as much as that of the man who became intoxicated in the streets because he had had twins twelve months before.

A statistician calculates the amount in sovereigns which the Budget will have to find to pay for the War. Rolled up in the orthodox bank clerk's method, he says they would extend from London to Newmarket. I doubt this entirely. A commercial nation like the English would not leave all this gold on the ground undisturbed, unless strictly police-protected, without removing some of it for business purposes.

HILL ROWAN.

THE KAISER'S SHOOTING-BOX.

NOT quite an hour's journey from Berlin, situated in the neighbourhood of splendid woods, and surrounded by charmingly picturesque farms and peasants' cottages, stands the Kaiser's shooting-box of Königs-Wusterhausen. It is like an old-fashioned English country-house, an ivy-girt, grey, turreted building, with two quaint



THE EXTERIOR OF THE KAISER'S SHOOTING-BOX OF KÖNIGS-WÜSTERHAUSEN.

little crooked windows winking with malice prepense at all comers. The hall presents a realistic record of many successful days' hunting. On the left-hand side stands the boar stuck by His Majesty last season, a most ferocious-looking brute, with gleaming, business-like tusks. On all sides are antlers by scores, deers' heads and boars' heads. Passing into the large dining-hall, one finds oneself in a circular, low-built room, with a plain, unadorned stone floor, in the centre of which rises up to the ceiling a round stone pillar, round the base of which is a simple oak table resting on four splendid bronze cranes. The walls are decorated by oil-portraits innumerable—and very bad ones too—painted by King Frederick William I., who fondly imagined that he was talented in that direction. Next to this room is the Kaiser's bedroom—a very simply furnished chamber, almost Spartan in its simplicity. Further on, we come to the reception-room, a rather narrow but very well-arranged apartment, also noticeable for its multitudinous antlers on all sides. Very interesting, too, is a little ornament in the window, made of old tree-roots carved into the shape of a French poodle; also a hanging candelabra in the form of a winged horse, stags' antlers for wings, and a red dragon's tail. Upstairs you find the drinking- or smoking-room: a large, airy apartment, with a massive oak table in the centre bearing beer-mugs of ancient pattern and surrounded by fine black oak chairs, and with walls decorated with capacious beer-mugs and jugs and divers other vessels of past centuries.



THE INTERIOR OF THE KAISER'S SHOOTING-BOX OF KÖNIGS-WÜSTERHAUSEN.



MISS FAY DAVIS,

THE DELIGHTFULLY NATURAL ACTRESS WHO HAS WON FAME AS LEADING LADY OF MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S ST. JAMES'S COMPANY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W

ONE OF THE EMPIRE MAKERS.*

"No man ever deserved better of his country than Sir Edward Malet," said Lord Granville in the House of Lords, and those who have followed the career of this distinguished Diplomatist will find no difficulty in indorsing the words of his chief. There will always be a lingering feeling of surprise and regret that Sir Edward should have left the service at the comparatively early age

of fifty-seven, though not until he had been forty-one years in harness, and that, when he did retire, he was not rewarded with a seat in the Upper House by a grateful country.

We owe all our great influence in the Valley of the Nile to him. In the troubled times of '81 and '82, he conquered the confidence of the Khedive Tewfik, who never took one single step without consulting Sir Edward Malet, the only foreign Minister at Cairo determined to uphold the Khedival authority. He had no easy task in his struggle with the Arabists and French duplicity, but he stuck to it manfully, although Lord Salisbury had told him that he would never have anything to back him but moral support, and proved such a thorn in the side to the turbulent military

THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD MALET, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., SOMETIME AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

leaders that he went in danger of violent death. At least, such was the information that reached the Home Government from an independent source. But he was not killed, and he won the game. And when it was all over, and he got back to Cairo with the Khedive, the latter thanked him, and offered him a lovely palace, which he refused.

During the eleven years that Sir Edward Malet held the post of Ambassador at Berlin, he proved untiring in his efforts to establish a good understanding between England and Germany. It was he who settled all the difficult Colonial questions separating the two countries in Africa; and although, in his modesty, he takes no credit to himself for this or any other of his achievements, he not unreasonably remarks that he should certainly be glad if it could be remembered in history that he signed the documents which conveyed "vast acquisitions to the responsibilities and grandeur of the Crown."

Sir Edward Malet's experiences have been wide and varied. He entered the Diplomatic service on his sixteenth birthday, just after leaving Eton, as Attaché to the Legation at Frankfort, where his father held the post of Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary. He went through some lively adventures during the Franco-German War and Paris Commune.

That staunch bachelor, Lord Lyons, was the chief he worked under the longest, and for him and Lord Dufferin his admiration is unbounded. When the former officially announced the marriage of the Prince of Wales to Abe Lincoln, the President promptly retorted, "Go and do thou likewise." Lord Lyons maintained great state at his various Embassies. "The upper servants were in knee-breeches and black silk stockings, and the footmen were powdered," relates Sir Edward. "It struck awe into the Ministers of the Porte, who had never seen anything of the kind before. At one of the State dinners, I saw a Pasha go up to a footman who stood on duty in the corridor, look at him as one would look at a wax figure, and then raise his hands and feel his hair. The man bore it without moving a muscle of his face, and the Pasha gave it up. He evidently could not account for the young face and the white hair."

Sir Edward, as a child, had known Bismarck, and when, in 1870, he carried him a despatch from Lord Granville, interceding for the French, during the German advance on Paris, he met an old friend. As he was going away with the answer to the document he had brought, the "Iron Chancellor" remarked, "I would lend you my horse, but flags of truce have been fired on. I hope you will get through safely, but I cannot risk my horse being shot." Bismarck, Sir Edward tells us, was fond of a good story. He used to relate one about an innkeeper and a traveller in the Shires. When the latter received his reckoning, he inquired the name of mine host. "Partridge," said Boniface. "Ah!" retorted the traveller; "by the length of your bill, I should have thought it would have been Woodcock."

EDWARD VIZETELLY.

* "Shifting Scenes; or, Memories of Many Men in Many Lands." By the Right Hon. Sir Edward Malet, G.C.B. G.C.M.G., sometime Her Majesty's Ambassador to Germany. London: John Murray.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE publication of the History of the War, to be issued by the War Office, was put out to tender among a number of publishers.

I hear there is some heart-burning among certain firms who were not included in the list and who would much like to meet the gentleman who compiled it—if he is in the land of the living, which they seem to doubt.

I am glad to hear that at last the Magazine Publishers are making a determined effort at an agitation in favour of a smaller rate of postage on the magazines. There can be no doubt that the high rates of postage have interfered greatly with nearly every business in the country, and I cannot understand why some united agitation is not made by businessmen everywhere to obtain a reduction. The book rates of this country are absurdly in advance of those on the Continent and in America. Why cannot the Post Office arrange a second-class mail rate, as in the United States? Surely, too, it is time that the ridiculous farce of registered newspapers, of whatever weight, being sent for a halfpenny were abolished. If the Magazine Publishers go on hammering away for the next ten years, there is some likelihood of the next generation benefitting by their efforts. It seems hard, but, after all, most agitation of this kind is carried on for the good of one's grandchildren.

It is announced that Mark Twain has made a fresh translation of "Adam's Diary from the Original Manuscript," and that this is to appear shortly in *Harper's Magazine*. It is just as well that Mark Twain should return to his humour. His latest attempts at serious writing in the American Press have exasperated the whole country. And his references to England and the War in South Africa are, to say the least of it, hardly generous to a country which has treated him with great generosity.

Victor Hugo's Love-Letters, which Mr. Heinemann is to publish immediately, will probably be the literary book of the Spring Season. A famous French critic has written of them, "You will see that French Literature has one more masterpiece." I only hope that the translator has dealt with them kindly, and has not attempted to give an English rendering of such expressions as "Adieu; tout à toi, rien qu'à toi." Just imagine that in English!

Miss Beatrice Harraden's article in the new *Bookman* is sure to create the greatest interest, for in it she tells for the first time the story of the publication of "Ships that Pass in the Night." The book brought her only a hundred and five pounds from England and twenty pounds from Germany. In America, where the novel sold something like half-a-million copies, Miss Harraden had no copyright, and merely received thirty pounds from one publisher as a courtesy fee. Miss Harraden has now bought back the copyright of her first book, but has, unfortunately, no interest in the sixpenny edition, of which something like 160,000 copies have already been sold.

In an interview with Miss Harraden in a New York paper (the interviewer, by the way, makes the epoch-making announcement that the maid at Miss Harraden's house thanked him for entering, for his card, and for taking off his overcoat, "according to the custom of English maids"), the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night" tells the following interesting story of her first literary efforts—

I had been writing for many years before I wrote "Ships," and had succeeded in making a reputation among editors, although unknown to the general public. From childhood almost I had made up my mind to write for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and for no other. I remember the first thing I sent them was a short story, which naturally came back, as I had expected. "It doesn't matter," I said to myself; "I must go on and train myself to write for *Blackwood's*," and I put the rejected story away in an old chest of drawers. Some time afterward, I had occasion to go to the chest, and I took up the manuscript and out dropped a letter from Mr. Blackwood that I had not noticed. In it he told me not to be discouraged, but to go on writing and sending things until I had prepared myself for *Blackwood's*, as he felt confident I could do. Naturally, I followed his advice, but it was not until the sixth trial that I succeeded. Since then everything that I have written has been published by the Blackwoods, with the exception of "Ships." They refused "Ships," however, on the ground that it wasn't in three volumes, so, of course, I had to go to another publisher.

Miss Harraden has nearly completed a play, but has made no arrangements as to its production, as it is probable that she will publish it first in the form of a novel.

I understand that the "Library of the World's Best Music," which is shortly to be produced by the firm which has made such an enormous success of publications on the instalment system, is to run to about eight volumes, containing 2200 pages, 300 instrumental selections for the piano, and a larger number of songs.

A first volume of Nietzsche's Letters has just been published in Germany. On the whole, they contain a much more pleasing picture of the personality of Nietzsche than is to be gathered from his philosophic writings. Here is an interesting fragment of a letter written in 1868, which shows Nietzsche as an ardent Bismarck worshipper—

Bismarck is to me an inexhaustible delight. I read his speeches as I drink strong wine, my tongue lingering over the enjoyment. What you tell me of the machinations of his opponents does not surprise me. There must from necessity be an irreconcileable feud between such a grand nature and all that is petty, narrow-minded, bigoted, and bornish.

There are to be three more volumes of the correspondence, and something like eight hundred letters will in all see the light.

O. O.



BYGONE REVIVALS
OF "CORIOLANUS."

WHILE it is never wise to infer what limitations the latter-day journalist will put upon himself, I may safely premise that none of the illustrated papers, in dealing with Sir Henry Irving's forthcoming revival of "Coriolanus," will emulate the curious example of the *Universal Magazine* of 1749. The whimsical plate which I now reproduce from its pages is in keeping with a period when Parliamentary speeches had to be deftly memorised by the reporter, who, as often as not, drew on his imagination as much as on his mnemonic powers. It deals, not with Shakspere's play, but with James Thomson's tragedy on the same theme, as produced at Covent Garden in January 1749, with Quin, Ryan, Peg Woffington, and Miss Bellaniy in the principal parts. So far from depicting a "photographed moment" or an actual scene in the play, this plate is of a composite nature, and shows Coriolanus, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, in two places at once. The outer action between Coriolanus, his mother, and wife occurs in the first scene of the Fifth Act, and the inner action to the left two scenes later.



EDMUND KEAN AS CORIOLANUS.

From Osberry's Edition.

COMPOSITE ILLUSTRATION OF JAMES THOMSON'S (SHAKSPERE'S) "CORIOLANUS" IN 1749, SHOWING THE ROMAN HERO IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE.

"A BICYCLE OF
CATHAY."

IT seems like rending an old friendship to suggest that Mr. Stockton is played out, but really his new novel, "A Bicycle of Cathay," is such a collection of missed opportunities and inanities that I can only recommend his best friends to avoid the book.

The idea is first-rate, and there is endless possibility of fun in the cycling tour of a young schoolmaster; but, before half-a-dozen chapters have been read, the *affaires de cœur* of the distinctly foolish hero become more than wearisome. As he himself admits, "there are too many young women in Cathay. They turn up one after another with the regularity of a continuous performance. No sooner is the curtain rung down on one Act than it is rung up on another." Neither the reader nor Mr. Stockton is equal to this kind of continuous performance. The illustrations to the volume are delightfully American—some excellent, some execrable. I always thoroughly enjoy looking at the American artist's conception of American women. It is so unlike the real thing.

MILITARY NOTES.

THE CAPE VOLUNTEERS.

THOUGH probably the patriotism of the members of the Cape Town Guard and other Volunteer corps is thoroughly appreciated by our South African kinsfolk, a good deal of fun is poked at them by those of their compatriots who for one reason or the other have not joined their ranks. But this sort of thing is not unknown in the Old Country, though since the Volunteers and Yeomen of Old England have played so manful a part in the present campaign it has almost entirely died out. The Colonial papers contain a good deal of good-humoured chaff, and one tells a funny story of an irregular company lately recruited for service up-country. The newly raised corps was taken to the butts by the Instructor of Musketry, but, to his disgust, at five hundred yards not one of the citizen soldiers

"Colonel" Brake, who is regrettably still only a Captain, joined the Royal Regiment fifteen years ago. As late as 1897 he went to Central Africa on "civil employment," so his comparatively short experience of the Dark Continent has been fairly eventful. As he is still in the early thirties, it may be confidently expected that, should Fortune favour him, a good deal will be heard of the young Artilleryman in the future.

TWO OF THE BEST.

The recent victory of Major-General Babington's force over Delarey's commando at Venterdorp, with the large capture of guns, ammunition, waggon, carts, and some seven score prisoners, should give occasion for thought to those stay-at-home critics who clamour for the recall of any officer who may happen to meet with misfortune. General Babington had only recently been restored to command, and his great success is a sufficient and convincing proof of his sterling capabilities. It seems now a far cry to the dark days of Ladysmith, yet the splendid charge of the



VISIT OF THE IMPERIAL ESCORT TO NEW ZEALAND: THE 21ST LANCERS PROCEEDING THROUGH CHRISTCHURCH.

The news that a contingent of representatives of the British Army was to visit New Zealand occasioned a fresh ebullition of patriotism in that loyal Colony. A deal of the impression the troops might have made was, however, lost in the South, owing to the Cavalry not being mounted. The first place at which they were mounted was Christchurch, and there the Volunteers provided an excellent set of horses. Indeed, the 21st Lancers declared that they were the best mounts they had seen since leaving England. Everywhere the troops went they were greeted with ringing cheers, and their welcome will live in their minds for many a long day. They marched through Christchurch to Hagley Park, where a review was held, the troops going through various exercises, to the delight of the assembled thousands. The visit has done much to bind the Colony to the Empire "The Sketch" is delighted to hear. This photograph is by Mr. J. N. Taylor, of Christchurch, New Zealand.

could find the target. Four hundred yards was then tried, with a like result; then three hundred, with still no success. On finding that even at the two hundred the safest place for his country's enemy was the particular spot at which his men were firing, the Instructor lost all patience, and burst out with, "Fix bayonets, then, and charge the bloomin' target!"

A YOUTHFUL COMMANDER.

Colonel Herbert E. J. Brake, who commanded the combined British and French column in the recent successful expedition on the Gambia against Fodi Kabba, is a clever young "Gunner" who much distinguished himself in the Kumasi expedition under Sir James Willecocks. On arrival at the West Coast in command of the 2nd Battalion Central African Regiment, Sir James intrusted him with the leadership of a column, and the young officer showed such bravery and skill that it was decided to give him the difficult and responsible task which he has so well carried out.

brave Devons at Wagon Hill on Jan. 6 of last year must be still fresh in the memory, so perhaps it may not be out of place to point out that the Colonel Park who the other day surprised and captured a Boer laager is the Lieutenant-Colonel Cecil W. Park who led the Devonshire lads on that memorable occasion, and was so warmly complimented by Sir Redvers Buller. Colonel Park joined the old 11th twenty-six years ago, and wears the Afghan War-Medal for his services as Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion of his regiment in the campaign of 1878-80.

NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES,

WHO, WITH MISS LILY BRAYTON AS SWEET VIOLA, MAY BE SAID TO CARRY OFF THE HONOURS IN THE LEADING FEMALE PARTS IN MR. TREE'S MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.

MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE, who is making arrangements for a season in London, might fittingly be described as the American Ellen Terry *plus* a dash of Mrs. Kendal. Like these two named actresses, this lady began her stage-career at the tender age of three or so, and, for a long time in association with her friends and relations, played a series of parts, beginning in such characters as Prince Arthur in "King John," the Weeny Paul in "The Octofoon," the precocious child in "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," and the little Duke of York in "Richard the Third," and a round of child-parts in the "legitimate" with Barry Sullivan when he was touring through the States.

Between the ages of twelve and fourteen this New Orleans girl played a series of boys' and even old women's characters, and by the age of sixteen she was a popular "star." Notwithstanding all this arduous histrionic labour, the youthful phenomenon contrived to put in brief spells of time in certain French and Convent schools in the cities of New Orleans, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Montreal. At such times, under the supervision of her mother, Mrs. Davey, who was a lady of broad culture as well as a popular manageress, little Minnie absorbed a good deal of general knowledge.

Eleven years ago, this all-round actress, who had adopted her mother's maiden name, Minnie Maddern, became the wife of Harrison Grey Fiske, who, as proprietor and editor of the *New York Dramatic Mirror*, is popular not only throughout the States, but is also well known for his theatrical enthusiasm and courageous outspokenness here in England. He and his brilliant wife have, at the risk of great inconvenience and despite much managerial persecution, gained great fame for their unswerving opposition to that gigantic American monopoly known as "The Theatrical Trust," a combination which has sought to "bar" hundreds of others besides this actress from engagements in city after city, unless the said players would consent to be beaten down as to their salaries and percentages in accordance with this tyrannical monopoly's wish.

On her marriage, Minnie Maddern Fiske retired from the stage. But being, of course, still very young, five years later she made such striking series of successes in charity performances that she was induced to come out professionally again. This she did in a variety of characters, combining the highest of comedy with the extreme of emotion. Her list of impersonations from that period has included such widely contrasted rôles as Nora in "A Doll's House," Cyprienne in "Divorçons," Gilberte in "Frou-Frou," the Cockney heroine in "A Bit of Old Chelsea," the name-part in "Magda," the ill-fated tragic heroine in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and Becky Sharp in a very effective dramatisation of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." It is in the last-named two characters (in which she has electrified American audiences of every grade) that Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske proposes to woo the suffrages of London playgoers whenever she can fittingly book a season here. American citizens visiting this side, and also large numbers of English natives who have visited the other side, concur in declaring that Mrs. Fiske is an actress of most remarkable genius and versatility. Therefore, it may be said, the sooner she comes to London the better.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE present show at Suffolk Street is the best that has been held there for many years, and suggests that the Society, having passed through its vicissitudes, has emerged from them with renewed vigour. There is so much work that is really excellent that it seems invidious to make a selection. However, if I had my choice, I should take Mr. Dewhurst's charming summer scene, "Normandy Pastures," for I have seldom seen sunshine better understood or colour more fascinating than here. There are also capital landscapes by Mr. Eastlake, Mr. Darley, and Mr. Tom Robertson; but Mr. Sheard's snow-scene, with its lovely pink glow, is unfortunately not in harmony with his sky. Mr. Shannon shows a vivacious portrait of Mrs. Burke with rich colour; Mr. Graham Robertson has a sparkling representation of a child surrounded by flowers and sun-flecks, and some exceptionally bold and original work by Mr. Footett evokes appreciation.

STUDIES BY MILLAIS.

The Fine Art Society shows a collection of drawings and studies for pictures by the late Sir J. E. Millais, as well as a few of his finished works. Some of these date back to his early days, half-a-century or so ago, while others are of later date, and all are interesting as an illustration of the artist's progress and methods. The exhibition of the working drawings used by artists can, however, be of little interest to the public who admire finished work but have made no special study of the manner in which it is produced. Several of these drawings doubtless were made as mere notes for the guidance of the artist, who could never have intended them for exhibition. The highly elaborated pictures of "Sir Isumbras at the Ford," "Cymon and Iphigenia," and "The Woodman's Daughter" will be appreciated by all visitors.

IDEALISM IN ART.

Mr. Jan Ten-Katé is an idealist who hopes by his exhibition, entitled "In the Cause of Humanity," at the Doré Gallery, to open



MRS. FISKE, THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN ACTRESS, AS BECKY SHARP, THE CHARACTER MISS MARIE TEMPEST IS TO ASSUME NEXT.

Photo by Dupont New York.

people's eyes to the wickedness of war, and to impress on them a due regard for the blessings of peace. But, whatever his social or political aspirations, there is no reason why he should not be an artist, and it is solely in this capacity that I am at present concerned with him. Perhaps many who examine his pictures will be impressed by the purpose that so obviously underlies them; but, if the works are regarded strictly from an artistic standpoint, it has to be admitted that the purpose is a stumbling-block. The Dragoons dashing to the charge are depicted with realism and spirit, and one can appreciate the movement and colour with which the scene abounds; but the figure of Death bearing the standard in front of the advancing squadron does not interest me, though I can well believe that there are those who will think it significant and even poetical, as they also will the angel spiking the gun—a remarkably attractive angel, by the way—in another picture. The great picture, "War against War," is an allegorical composition comprising many figures carefully modelled. A really impressive work, however, is "The Great Sea," with its driving clouds, silvery tone, and moving water, all simply conceived as a harmonious whole,

A PANTOMIMIST IN MANY MOODS.

FOOTITT, THE ENGLISH CLOWN, AT THE POPULAR NOUVEAU CIRQUE, PARIS.



FOOTITT ARRIVES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



IMITATES CLÉO DE MERODE IN HER CAMBODIAN DANCE.



AS ONE OF THE OLD GUARD DEFENDS THE NAPOLEONIC TREASURES.



THEN BURLESQUES SADA YACCO IN HER JAPANESE ECCENTRICITIES.

By hazard, the Nouveau Cirque is the only house in Paris to recall in its most picturesque form the Exhibition that opened its doors just one year ago. A bridge representing the Pont Alexandre III, is thrown across the ring, and it is bordered with the fairy-like architectural structures that embroidered the Seine. All that was most talked about is reproduced. George Footitt, who should never have been a clown, but should have devoted himself to the higher forms of miming, works miracles. At one minute he evokes roars of laughter with his wild travesty of the French Mayor; a second later, he almost brings tears into the eyes with his pathetic rendering of the old Napoleonic soldier guarding the relics of the Emperor; and this only to change to something more than a burlesque of the famous Cambodian dance of Cléo de Mérode, and the unrestrained tragedy of Sada Yacco, who comes from Japan. I am indebted (says "The Sketch" Paris Correspondent) to the courtesy of M. Houcke for these photographs, taken by Professor Stebbing, of Paris.



MISS LOUIE COLLIER AS "SAN TOY," ON TOUR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



MISS ISABEL JAY, WHO WILL PLAY ONE OF THE LEADING PARTS IN THE NEW SAVOY OPERA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRASER AND JENNINGS, CHARLES STREET, S.W.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE EMPIRE.

THE Empire has scored a great success with "Les Papillons," the new fairy ballet recently described in *The Sketch*. For the time being, up-to-date ballet is forgotten, and everybody is pleased with the change; but up-to-date ballet affords some amusing sights when seen from the wings, as I have occasion to remember. When "Round the Town Again" was being played, I spent an evening on the stage.

It was the night of the Prince's birthday, and a detachment of a Guards band was welcoming the occasion while the final touches were put to the ballet. Presently the shifters were summoned higher up the stage, and I secured the vacant seat by the side of Madame Katti Lanner just before the wings filled again with a gallant company of nice girl soldiers, girl porters, girl footmen, girl "tigers," and all the other "stars" of the *corps de ballet*. Having a few minutes to spare, they put finishing-touches to their wigs or wrestled with stray buttons and hooks that had hitherto escaped notice. Mr. Capel enjoined silence, as though it were possible to keep scores of girls silent for even half-a-minute; the Guards band filed off "O.P.," and the bell from the stage to the orchestra rang under M. Leopold Wenzel's desk. Straightway the overture commenced, and, as it did so, the stage-hands relinquished their work and disappeared—no man knows whither, leaving Charing Cross Railway Station complete. When the curtain rose, you would have thought the place had been standing for hours. Where I sat the view was fourfold. The stage as seen by the audience was no more than one part, the others including a strip of the house, just one box, and a corner of the Lounge; the wings, where the shifters were gathering like sappers and miners to overthrow Charing Cross Station and replace it by the Royal Arcade, and the grid up above, where shadowy men stood by ropes and pulleys, ready to heave one cloth into space and let down another so soon as the word "Go!" sounded.

From the front the transformation is rapid, but the real pace can only be gauged in the wings. A bell rings; the stage darkens; there is a stampede of girls flying headlong to their dressing-rooms; the railway station melts into thin air; the Royal Arcade comes on with a rattle; a fresh set of girls troops on from the wings; lights are raised, and the ballet is proceeding merrily as though the feat were quite an ordinary one. Mr. Capel tells me, with pardonable pride, that the working out of these sudden scene-changes is a matter of

WEEK-LONG EXPERIMENTS.

and Madame Lanner explains how the action of a ballet must be regulated to allow the girls fair time to make their many changes. It has happened that the time-allowance is a very scanty one, and then the girls have a quick-change dressing-room on the stage level; at other times they have

to climb long flights of stone steps, healthy yet unpleasant form of exercise. While the footmen, "tigers," and flower-girls dance outside the Royal Arcade, the principals begin to crowd round the wings. While these ladies are waiting their turn, the section of the *corps de ballet* that appears in the Hyde Park scene is coming down in most elaborate walking-dresses, and the infamous shifters, who seem to delight in cutting short everything, are gathering ominously round the Royal Arcade. Their fingers are itching to turn it into Hyde Park; I almost fancy I can see them itch.

It comes at last. Just as I was in an ecstasy of admiration over Mdlle. Geneé's *pas seul*, the bell rang out again, one and all ran past me, the shifters worked their will in a grievous darkness, and an electric sun rose with sudden splendour upon the Park. I know Hyde Park as well as most people, yet never did I realise its full attractions before. Since the evening of which I write, I have looked in vain for such nursemaids, such children, such dandies of either sex. Perhaps they will come with Spring or the Millennium: until they do, the only Hyde Park worthy the name is in Leicester Square. I can't join the promenaders in the Park, but I have great hopes of attending the Ball, having engaged a seat on a ground-tier box and received promise of visits from more than one "star" of great radiance. I watch the building up of Covent Garden Ball-Room, see the red-coated orchestra climb to its place, note the arrangement of the boxes, and am finally piloted to one of the best by Mr. Capel, who leaves me in charge of two charming ladies who make me regret that inability and lack of ambition have combined to keep me from the honours of the ball-room.

While I nurse the vain regrets, the front-cloth rises; I look out from the stage to the house. I can see M. Wenzel and some few faces, but behind them there is nothing definite. The great Lounge twinkles as though with hundreds of lights, the effect of the promenaders passing the Moorish Bar and alternately obscuring or revealing its many lights. Perhaps, down by the footlights, where the Pierrots, Pierrettes, Belles of New York, and others are dancing

so merrily, the faces of the well-beloved—should such things be—are apparent; here in the box a man would not recognise his own brother sitting in the front row of stalls. Then comes a change: the stage lights are lowered, and almost immediately the entire auditorium becomes visible. It is a fine picture, and one that recalls in certain aspects

A NOCTURNE BY WHISTLER.

In a very few moments the lights are again raised, and then the view is lost, not to be restored.

The dances show a regrettable tendency to end almost as soon as they begin; the house showers down its encores upon Mdlle. Genée, and she only smiles, then away: it is clear that everyone is bent upon putting an end to the performance. A few moments later, a crash from the orchestra sends the curtain rolling down.



MISS FANCHON THOMPSON, THE NEW "BELLE OF BOHEMIA" AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

Photo by Eddowes Brothers, New York.

MISS FANCHON THOMPSON, THE NEW "BELLE OF BOHEMIA,"
AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.



Photo by Fredericks, New York.



Photo by Fredericks, New York.



Photo by Fredericks, New York.



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

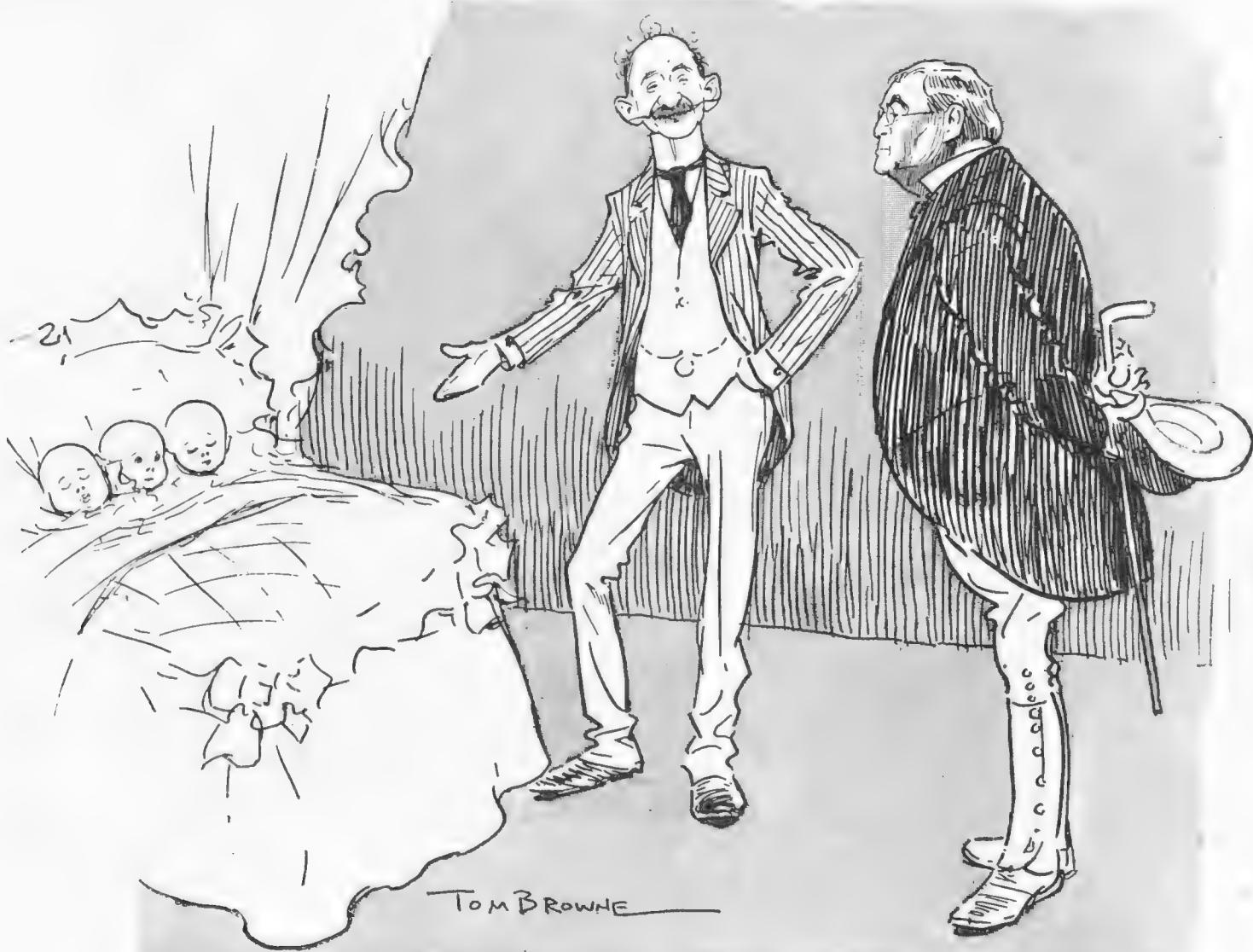


HIS BANK HOLIDAY SMOKE.



SHE : I should like to have a coin dated the year of my birth.

HE (*a collector—with enthusiasm*) : Yes, it would indeed be valuable !

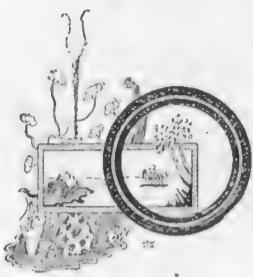


Proud Father (*to bachelor friend, a veterinary surgeon*) : Well, aren't they grand ?
The Vet. : M'yes. I should keep the middle one, if I were you.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MISS DARCHFIELD'S VENGEANCE.

BY CLO. GRAVES.



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ISHI YOSHIO, Second Secretary of Legation, aged twenty-five, and named after the celebrated leader of the Forty-Seven Ronins, stood in the doorway of a London drawing-room which bore a considerable resemblance to a Knightsbridge curio-brocade-and-pottery shop, and wondered greatly. For in Japan they use aniline dyes, English and American; and wear, or put on, European clothing, and endeavour to assimilate European cookery, and paint up the names of their streets in English. But they do not hang up English boots and shoes upon their walls for spill-holders, nor do they cherish English cooking-pots and butter-boats as things of price.

The streets outside had been wet and drab, and the social atmosphere within seemed as neutral-tinted, if less humid. The room was full of clacking women, in furs and out of them, drinking bad tea, with much milk and sugar, at the savour of which infusion the soul of Oishi Yoshio revolted, and his heart yearned for Tokio, for sunshine, brightness, the dainty refinements of life, and the hue-and-colour loveliness which constitute Japan.

His hostess beckoned him, and he steered his dapper, unobtrusive way to her, his slim hand fidgeting with his neat little black moustache. He was introduced to a young lady who murmured something unintelligible as Oishi Yoshio bowed before her. Her name was Miss Darchfield, and the Japanese observed that she was young and very pretty in her wheat-haired, cornflower-eyed, English style. She told him that she adored everything Japanese, and Oishi Yoshio could imagine her buying pastille-sticks, or paper fans, or string bath-sandals at Brompton emporium for the sale of such cheap and trashy merchandise. She said, "Have you seen the conservatory?" and took him there: and on a cane settee, in front of a miniature pond containing gold-fish, and a prospect of Japanese dwarf trees in the midst of which appeared the roofs of a crimson dolls' temple, they fell into conversation. Miss Darchfield still harped upon Japan and things Japanese. Her white teeth showed under the pink gable of her short upper lip as she said, lispingly, "I want to ask . . ." She changed her tone, and put the question positive, "Do you know anything about tattooing as it is done in Japan?"

Oishi Yoshio gave a quick glance at the charming face, and assented, passing one slim-fingered, honey-coloured hand over the other. "Of tattooing I certainly do know something," he returned, in his slow, correct English. "It is an art much practised in my country—among certain classes of individuals." He preserved perfect gravity, and wondered privately what was coming next. It came.

"Could you tell me of anybody—any Japanese person living in London," the girl asked, "who could do it—don't you know?" She blushed pink, and looked everywhere, vaguely, before she brought the cornflower-coloured eyes back to Oishi Yoshio.

The perfectly marked eyebrows of the Secretary of Legation were lifted the breadth of a baby's finger-nail.

"The art of tattooing . . ."—he thought a moment; "there is one man . . . I could give you his address, if required. He lives"—the slim hand of the young Japanese waved eastward—"near your London Docks. He carries on a business there in curios, and in the art you speak of he is proficient, though he is now very old. Sailors resort to him, and rich, eccentric Englishmen, and sometimes"—the oblique Asiatic eyes narrowed a little—"occasionally ladies," he said.

Miss Darchfield's cheeks deepened their pretty pink. She was full of her subject, and her exuberant interest in it sparkled in her eyes.

"Then," she cried, "of course, this old person who lives near the London Docks could carry out . . . of course, he could do what I want at a reasonable charge?"

"I imagine he has charges to suit all purses," said Oishi Yoshio. "Perhaps you will tell me what you require done?" He shrugged his sloping shoulders slightly as he continued, "It is, no doubt, a gentleman of your acquaintance who desires to be tattooed with a figure . . . or an initial . . . or, perhaps, a name?"

Miss Darchfield tossed her pretty chin and laughed a little harshly. "It is not a gentleman," she said; "It is I, myself. Perhaps you think it a queer fancy. . . ." Her chin and shoulders expressed great indifference to the thoughts of this little Japanese. "But I want to be reminded of something"—she caught her breath a little, and clasped her hands nervously together upon her knee—"something cruel and mean and heartless, that has been done—by somebody I believed in. Call it a vendetta, if you like"—Oishi Yoshio tried to do so, but was not enlightened in the least. "I want it to be stamped upon me, so that I can carry it to my grave." Her tone grew tragic; her sensitive upper lip trembled; for the moment she had forgotten Oishi Yoshio, and was alone with her resentment and her wrong. "I've been badly treated," she broke out, becoming quite an ordinary angry young woman in a moment; "and I don't intend to forget it. And I'm going to have it tattooed on my wrist! You can see the inscription if you care to," she added, with

a great assumption of indifference. And she took a half-sheet of cream-laid note-paper, folded in four, from the pretty reticule—a piece of Paris foolishness—that hung at her waist, and handed it to Oishi Yoshio. The piece of paper bore, in a large, schoolgirl hand, this inky legend—

W. J. B.,
"All the World to Him!"
June 19, 1900.
"Not Good Enough!"
Nov. 8, 1900.

"In my country," said Oishi Yoshio, carefully perusing the inscription, "when a man takes a young wife, and finds himself dissatisfied or displeased with her, he can return her to her parents or guardians without blame. But he returns her dowry, or he pays an indemnity. It is all very simple," he ended.

"It sounds so," said the girl with some acerbity, "but, of course, the case is different. I was not married to William Johnson-Bradley; we were engaged, that's all—and quite enough too!" she added viciously.

"For any reasonable man," said Oishi Yoshio quietly.

"You are very kind," said Miss Darchfield. She hesitated a moment, then turned her pretty face and looked full at the Secretary of Legation.

"You would be still kinder," said Oishi Yoshio, "if you would tell me more about this Mr.—" He wrinkled his fine black eyebrows. "Pardon! . . . it is elusive—the English name—William Jowley-Badson—?"

"William Johnson-Bradley," said the girl, a slight frown drawing her pretty brows together. "We met last March, at Prince's Skating-Rink. He skates awfully well, you know—figure-skating, and all that. Everybody wanted him to take them round on the ice—Babs Mortimer, Flossie Daventry, and Everilda Fitzharding—they were quite wild about him. Everilda fell down in front of him, on purpose to get him to pick her up, and showed all her frills—she has a way of doing that, and wears lovely things on purpose—and I was flattered because he preferred me—and we did the Outside Edge, and it was like skating in Heaven to the Hungarian Band—and he taught me to waltz before the season was over—and the other girls were just wild—and Everilda said *horrid* things, and was as spiteful as a ferret! But I didn't care, and we were secretly engaged at Ascot, in June. Nobody was to know, because we had not much money, and couldn't afford to marry; but he said I was 'all the world to him'!"

"Yes?" said Oishi Yoshio, with delicately interrogating eyebrows, twisting the half-sheet of cream-laid note-paper in his honey-coloured fingers. His manner was full of unobtrusive deference and gentle politeness, and Miss Darchfield looked at him more appreciatively than before. She observed that his hair was as fine and smooth as black silk, that his eyes were handsome, even if the corners did tilt up towards the temples—his honey-coloured complexion was a peculiarity one might get used to—and that his hands, one of which bore a superb emerald signet-ring, were lithe, supple, and beautiful in shape.

"Yes," Miss Darchfield went on, "the engagement was secret. We used to meet at places, and on Thursdays he would come to tea at Clarges Street. I live there with my aunt. He was as devoted as anything for quite a long time. It was only when Everilda made up to him and told him about the twenty thousand pounds she had inherited from her uncle that he began to cool off, and I knew it was all her doing. *Beast!*"

Her bosom rose and fell stormily under the fanciful tucks of her smart silk blouse. She took off her hat and stabbed it through viciously with a long gold pin, and threw it upon a neighbouring chair.

"It is over and done with, and there's no use making a fuss," she said; "and I would bet a dozen pairs of gloves to one that Everilda will be sorry she ever married him," she said; "though I don't want to be revenged on Everilda in any way—a little, round-eyed, silly dolly, but of a thing! . And she really didn't mean to behave dishonestly. When I came upon them—together—only a week ago, in the Oriental tea-room at Liberty's, I actually heard her say, 'How can I be all the world to you, when you are engaged, on the strict Q.T., to Flossie Darchfield?'"

"I thought," hazarded Oishi Yoshio, "that nobody was to know?"

"I told a few of my intimate friends, in confidence," replied Miss Darchfield, "and, of course, they—told theirs."

"It would have happened in Japan," said the Secretary of Legation, suppressing a twinkle.

"Well, Everilda said that," went on Miss Flossie Darchfield. "And he—William Johnson-Bradley—gave one of his laughs, and said, squeezing the hand with which she held the teapot, and twisting his silly little fair moustache, though I've begun to dislike fair moustaches only since that day, 'Oh, come, I say!'—those were his exact words—'Oh, come, I say! How can you? That's not good enough!' And at that I came on, right past their table, and cut him as dead as though he'd been—a blackbeetle." She got out a dainty little handkerchief, not to cry into, but to bite and twist between her restless fingers.

"And now its all over between us," she said. "But I don't mean to forget William Johnson-Bradley's perfidy, and—and what a fool I was. So I'm going to have those words of his tattooed on my wrist, with a fancy border of dragons and devils and things—in the Japanese style. And whenever I look at that—"

Miss Darchfield stopped for breath. Oishi Yoshio was sitting on the



SELF-CENTRED AUTHOR : Now, look here, old man : would you really call me a plagiarist ?
CANDID FRIEND : No ; a plaguey nuisance !

bamboo settee about three feet away, listening intently. One slim patent-leather-booted foot was tucked beneath him; his lustrous, oblique eyes were looking straight at the girl.

"Whenever you see that, you will remember that you have disfigured yourself for life, for the sake of a man who is not worth a dead fish. More, you will have stamped yourself as a member of the vulgar class, because, in Japan, it is only boatmen, sailors, porters, and rickshaw-men who wear the tattoo. But if you are so determined to be revenged upon this"—he hesitated—"this Braddam Wilson-Jonley, or what his name may be, why not employ a charm?"

Miss Darchfield associated the word with little golden and enamelled trinkets made to hang upon *porte-bonheurs* and watch-chains.

"A charm?" she repeated.

"A spell," explained Oishi Yoshio. "By reciting a certain formula of words, and burning perfumes specially prepared, it would be possible, in Japan, to be revenged upon an enemy without diverging from the strict dictum of politeness." He produced a delicate little cigarette-case of some fine woven grass, and took from it a slender cigarette. "You do not smoke? No! But—you will allow me? The mind works more smoothly assisted by tobacco." He struck a vesta, taken from a curious little case representing a sea-mouse in golden-brown and green enamel, lighted his cigarette, and tucked the other foot beneath him for a change. His eyes were very thoughtful, and the emerald signet he wore upon the middle finger of his left hand glowed and scintillated with living green fire, as though it had been the eye of an angry cat defending her kittens from a too-intrusive terrier.

Miss Darchfield arrived at the meaning of Oishi with a little scream. "Why," she said, "do you really believe . . . ? Why, that's witchcraft! It would be dealing with the Devil!" Her voice dropped awfully. But the Japanese was speaking.

"In Japan, in my country, we have more than one devil. Plenty of devils, the big and strong and the little and weak, and many of them are remarkably obliging. There is one who could make this Willy Johnbrad—I forget—very uncomfortable indeed. He is shaped like a bat, with crimson eyes, and all night he hangs upside down from the ceiling overhead. The person—who is being made uncomfortable—cannot sleep, for this devil seems every instant about to fall upon his head—"

"Couldn't he get up and move his bed?" suggested Miss Darchfield.

"In Japan the beds are spread upon the floor," said Oishi. "Yes, of course, he could move; but the devil moves too, and when he looks up—there it is in the old place, and this continues until the sufferer goes mad or dies."

"How awful!" commented Miss Darchfield.

"It is a good revenge and very cheap," said the Japanese. "You have only to give the devil a little rice. And there is another evil spirit who lives in a gong. You can arrange with him to make the person you wish to punish become possessed with the notion that the sound of a gong is always in his ears. It begins with a droning note and swells to an insupportable boom, and this continues until the afflicted one drowns himself in despair. The devil who does this lives in a gong in one of our Shinto temples. You repeat an invocation and hit the gong—"

"But I should have to go to Japan to do it!" expostulated Miss Darchfield.

Oishi Yoshio smiled with quiet subtlety.

"It would, of course, be more effective if you were upon the spot. Oh, certainly, yes! But I have a friend in Tokio who would arrange . . . Or I myself . . . I go to Japan every Spring to visit my father's wives. He died over here some years ago, and they are always very pleased to see me."

"Did he have—many?" asked Miss Darchfield shyly.

"Only four," replied Oishi.

"Japan must be a—queer place!" said Miss Darchfield. A sudden look of interested curiosity came into her eyes as she turned them on the young Japanese diplomat. "Are you married?—if you don't think it's rude of me to ask. And have you—?"

She stopped in confusion.

"Have I four wives?" said Oishi. "I have not yet one. I am Europeanised Japanese, and belong to the American Evangelical Church; therefore, any union I contract would be monogamic."

"But you believe in Japanese devils?" said Miss Darchfield, rather mystified by the last word.

"Ah! To go on with those devils," continued Oishi gravely, but with a lurking smile hidden at the corners of his lips: "There is another, a lady, who carries three little baby-devils in a pouch, who could do the business of this Johnwill Bradson-Yamley in what you English call a jiffy. You burn a gilt-paper sword and call upon her name, Magahara O-Todao Kanesada, and the offending party is immediately seized with such remorse for his crime that he forgets his food, abstains from bathing, and at last is reluctantly compelled to commit self-despatch. You could not do better than employ her."

Miss Darchfield rose and began to look about for her hat.

"You have taken a great deal of trouble to explain things to me," she said, "and I'm awfully obliged. But I won't call in any of those devils to William Johnson-Bradley; and, as to the tattooing, I've changed my mind. I'd read a story—a book we got from Mudie's, called 'Lady Vinolia's Victim'—that put that into my head. It was Lady Vinolia who made a memorandum on herself, with a red-hot bodkin, of a vengeance she meant to carry out on a wicked Austrian Duke who had ruthlessly betrayed her. But that was in the time when people wore ruffs, and, somehow, it seems too big a way of treating a man like—"

Oishi gave his version of the name in a musical sing-song. This time it was, "Bradjohn Jimson-Leeson."

Miss Darchfield gave a little peal of laughter.

"You've never got that name right *once!*" she said. Then she pinned on her Bond Street hat, and Oishi helped her. She had masses of the wonderful wheat-coloured hair, and the sleeve-link in the cuff of the Secretary of Legation caught in a silken strand of it and brought a great coil tumbling down.

"Don't look frightened—the other end has roots!" said Miss Darchfield. She looked vaguely about her, her slight arms raised, her hands busy at her head, and the reason of her perplexity was plain to the quick mind of the young Japanese.

"You need a hair-piu? Excuse a moment!" he said, and, turning aside, thrust his hand within the breast of his exemplary waistcoat, and, withdrawing it with a slender object in its clasp, held it out to the girl.

She took it with a brief word of acknowledgment, and then, as the beautiful thing glittered in the lamplight, she caught her breath in ecstasy, and cried, "Oh, how lovely! But I mustn't take it, of course!"

"It" was a slender stiletto in a narrow golden sheath, with a hilt of costly jade representing a lotus-bud, upon which was perched a little diamond snail. Her heart went out to it, her soul yearned for it, but she held it out to Oishi Yoshio. He drew back, extending his palms downwards before him with a gesture of polite negation.

"Favour me by accepting! To make such presents to a lady—in token of respect—is a custom with the people of my country. Besides"—his voice became low and impressive—"that snail is a devil. It will work out a revenge for you upon this man with the name which is impossible to remember." He leaned nearer to Miss Darchfield, with gleaming eyes. "You have only to look happy—and to wear that dagger constantly in your hair. Do you see? He will notice it, and wonder who gave you that. He will get other people to put questions to you, but you will answer none of them; you will only look happy, and wear the dagger of the lotus-flower with the diamond snail. And this man, who, like a person of no discernment, threw you—you who are so beautiful and so proud!—aside like a broken jar for the sake of a little, silly woman with a baby-face, this man will become possessed with the Devil of Jealousy! There are many devils in Japan, but this one is to be found wherever men and women live under the sky—and it is the worst of all." Oishi's white teeth showed as he caught his breath; his slim, supple hand closed upon the girl's wrist as though the fingers were of jointed steel, and his dark eyes gleamed. "He will grow jealous—and he will come back to you. Then you will say: 'William Wohson-Jadley, you are nothing to me! The mat on which I wipe my feet is more honourable in my eyes. For your love—keep it, give it to whom you choose; I will have nothing of it. For I am loved by an honourable man, rich, not old, and very respectable—Europeanised Japanese, belonging to the American Evangelical Church, having favour in the eyes of authority as Second Secretary to the Legation of Japan, and with him I am about to contract a monogamic union.'" He released the girl's wrist, and pressed his palms together, bowing almost to the floor. "Tell me, my almond-flower, my Delight of Spring, is not that what you will say?"

Miss Darchfield hesitated. Then, "I'll try your prescription," she said, with a flash of her eyes and teeth. "I'll wear the dagger with the diamond snail every day."

She thrust the exquisite, deadly thing, with its golden sheath and jewelled hilt, through her wheat-coloured coils of hair. Oishi Yoshio, overwhelmed with a sudden dizziness, was aware only when the thing was done that he had kissed her.

"You wear the dagger—yes. But the words—will you not say the words?" he found himself pleading.

Miss Darchfield stood before him with eyelids that drooped a little shyly and a flickering smile hovering about her sensitive mouth.

"Of course, it's very sudden, and—and I couldn't dream of doing such a thing—without consulting Aunt," she said.

"You did not consult her in the case of this Jamjonwilbad—and the rest, whose name I utterly abhor and contemn as I loathe his despicable personality!" cried Oishi Yoshio hotly.

"True," said Miss Darchfield, drawing her furs about her. "But it is a little sudden—don't you think?" She thoughtfully put on one glove.

"Love is always sudden," said the lover.

This was not denied by Miss Darchfield. "Good-bye, and thank you so much!" she said, proffering the ungloved hand. "By the way," she remarked, with a studied appearance of casualness, "we live at No. 50, Clarges Street, and, if you should happen to be passing on Thursday at four, Aunt would be glad to give you a cup of tea. It isn't Japanese, but she buys it from the importers. And perhaps you would like to hear"—she gave her head a little, curious movement, and the diamond snail upon the jade lotus sent out a white and crimson throb of radiance—"you might like to know how the charm works."

"Flossie!" called a matronly voice belonging to a stout lady standing with several other stout ladies near the door.

"I'm coming, Auntie!" responded Miss Darchfield in her shrill, fresh voice. She looked back at Oishi Yoshio over her shoulder, and the diamond snail gleamed again. "Don't forget the address—No. 50, Clarges Street!" she said.

Then she went away, and Oishi Yoshio, being a methodical young Secretary of Legation, made a note of the address, in Japanese, in his private memorandum-book.

A RISING STAR OF THE VARIETY THEATRES

From Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

REFINED talent of the type shown by Miss Cissie Loftus is clearly possessed by the clever little lady *The Sketch* has the pleasure of portraying in the photographs below. Miss Cissie Dryden has, in addition to great mimetic ability, the rare power of creating character, and may be further credited with a light and exceedingly bright style all her own. Without a particle of vulgarity, with a clearness of

She is transformed in the twinkling of an eye almost into a "Street Arab," in which humble garb she sings a ditty, "Won't You Buy, Sir?" which would not suffer by comparison with the similar song the late Jenny Hill used to sing with infinite pathos. Notable for judicious sprightliness and no little humour, her "Dude" or "Masher" impersonation, like Maisie, "gets right there."



CLEVER CISSIE DRYDEN AS HERSELF.
She is the Little Lady of the Profession.



LIFE-LIKE AS A STREET ARAB.
"Won't you buy, Sir?"



DROLL AS A DUDE.
She gets, like Maisie, "right there!"



SMART AS A DRUMMER-BOY.
"What a Little Man!"



TO THE MANNER BORN AS A JOCKEY.
"First Past the Post!"



MERRY AS A SAILOR.
"The Tricky Little Middy!"

articulation which causes every word to be heard distinctly—a gift many an adult actor and actress at the West-End might well emulate in these days of dropping the voice—and with a truth to nature that is ever acceptable, this young girl-artist made a "hit" the very first time she appeared in public as the smartest and most skilful of drummer-boys.

In the scarlet uniform of the Guards, with bearskin and buttons to match, Miss Cissie Dryden is sure of a cordial welcome wherever she sings this favourite song of hers, accompanying herself to perfection on the drum. "What a little man," indeed! She is a "quick change."

All hearts are won by "The Tricky Little Middy," which fairly brings refreshing whiffs of the salt sea across the footlights. Best and most dramatic of all Miss Cissie Dryden's excellent embodiments is that in which she represents a jockey, first in grey overcoat, booted and spurred, then, when the race is being graphically delineated with an intensity and effect remarkable in one so young, in the colours of a most popular owner, using her whip with the dexterity of a Tommy Loates. "First Past the Post" is undoubtedly this sparkling little lady's greatest triumph, and has never failed to evoke hearty applause.

DEFENCE AGAINST "HOOLIGANS."

BARTITSU METHODS IN LONDON.

LAST year a very interesting exhibition of self-defence was given at St. James's Hall, and was the subject of prolonged discussion by many of the people present. Mr. Edward Barton-Wright, who gave the demonstration, was honoured with an invitation to repeat it before the Prince of Wales, but he met with a bicycle accident and the exhibition became impossible. It may be that the style of self-defence introduced to public notice would have failed to attract attention by reason of its novelty alone, but Mr. Barton-Wright had not mastered it without the firm intent to give it a fair chance in public. He proceeded to found a Club at 67B, Shaftesbury Avenue, where physical culture may be studied under Professors of all nationalities, some of the best of the world's athletes and sportsmen being engaged as instructors. To-day the work is in full swing, stimulated by the uprising of the "Hooligan."

In his early days, Mr. Barton-Wright was an engineer, and his duties took him into strange lands and among ill-disposed people. He had to go slowly, and to

learn that the knowledge of boxing under the Queensberry rules, his sole accomplishment then among the arts of self-defence, is of little or no use among men who attack their opponents with feet as well as hands, from below the belt as well as above it, from the back as well as face to face, and with bludgeons, life-preservers, knives, and other persuasive weapons. The straightforward stroke that, catching a ruffian upon the "point" or "mark," disables him from further attempts, is of little or no good when it cannot be delivered, and in every city he visited the young engineer found more and more to learn. Soon he was seized with the bright idea of combining the self-defence of all nations into a system that, when properly acquired, should enable a man to defy anything but firearms and a sudden stab in the dark.

The chief point to bear in mind was that an adequate system of defence must be able to meet any form of attack; the man who endeavours to disable you by kicking you in the stomach is entitled to as much respect and consideration as he who strives to garrote you, or to try the relative resisting powers of a loaded stick and your skull. The Bartitsu Club, through its Professors, over whom Mr. Barton-Wright keeps an admonishing eye, guarantees you against all danger. In one corner is M. Vigny, the World's Champion with the single-stick; the Champion who is the acknowledged master of *savate* trains his pupils in another. He could kill you and twenty like

you if he so desired in the interval between breakfast and lunch—but, as a matter of fact, he never does. He leads you gently on with gloves and single-stick, through the mazes of the arts, until, at last, with your trained eye and supple muscles, no unskilled brute-force can put you out, literally or metaphorically.

In another part of the Club are more Champions, this time from far Japan, where self-defence is taken far more seriously than here. The Champion Wrestler of Osaka, or one of the shining lights among the trainers of the Tokio police, dressed in the picturesque garb of his corner of the Far East, will teach you once more how little you know of the muscles that avail to keep you perpendicular, and of the startling effect of sudden leverage properly applied. The Japanese Champions are terribly strong and powerful; at a private rehearsal of their work, given some two months ago on the Alhambra stage, I saw the little Jap, who is about five feet nothing in height and eight stone in weight, do just what he liked with a strong North of England wrestler rather more than six feet high, broad, muscular, and confident. The little one ended by putting his opponent gently on his back, and the big man looked as though he did not know how it was done.

There is no form of grip that the Japanese *jujitsu* work does not meet and foil, and in Japan a policeman learns the *jujitsu* wrestling as part of his equipment for active service. One of the Club trainers was professionally engaged to teach the police in Japan before he came to England to serve under Mr. Barton-Wright.

When you have mastered the various branches of the work done at the Club, which includes a system of physical drill taught by another Champion, this time from Switzerland, the

world is before you, even though a "Hooligan" be behind you. You are not only safe from attack, you can do just what you like with the attacking party. He is as helpless in your well-trained hands as a railway-engine in the hands of its driver. The "Hooligan" does not understand the principles on which he works; you do, and, if it pleases you to make his machinery ineffective for further assault upon unoffending citizens, you can do so in a way that cannot be believed until it is seen. No part of South London need have terrors for you: Ménilmontant, La Villette, and the shadier side of the Bois are as safe for you in Paris as the Place de l'Opéra. I find myself wishing

that the Bartitsu Club had been in Shaftesbury Avenue as recently as some five or six years ago, when shortly after midnight the slums of Soho would send forth ruffians at whose approach wise men sought the light.

The work of the Club makes a strong appeal to Englishmen, because they are naturally of an adventurous disposition and have a great aversion from the use of any but natural weapons of defence in the brawls that they are bound to encounter now and again. There is a keen pleasure in being able to turn the tables on a man who tries to assault us suddenly and by means that he relies upon to give him an unfair advantage. I am well assured that a few of Mr. Barton-Wright's pupils sent into a district infested by "Hooligans" would do more to bring about law and order than a dozen casual arrests followed by committal for trial and hard labour with or without the "cat." And there is an element of sport in the Bartitsu method that should appeal to any "Hooligan" with a sense of humour.

S. L. B.

Mr. Henry James's new novel, "The Sacred Fount," is certainly the most Henry Jamesish book he has ever written. It is best described by the old story of the farmer at a dinner, who, after drinking a small glass of liqueur, called, "Hi, waiter, bring me some of this in a moog!" "The Sacred Fount" is liqueur in a mug. The action (this is a convenient word, but, as a matter of fact, there is no action) covers about a day and a-half, and a description of this inaction requires something like four hundred pages. Of course, it is brilliantly written throughout, although Mr. James's contortions of the language are more hideous and inartistic than ever. Can there be any excuse, for instance, for the following gymnastic exercise: "Have you really such a fund of indulgence for Gilbert Long as we most of us, I gather—though perhaps in our blindness—seem to see it stick out again that he supposes?"



M. VIGNY TEACHING SELF-DEFENCE.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



M. VIGNY TEACHING SELF-DEFENCE.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



THE JAPANESE WRESTLER READY FOR WORK.

Photo by Beckett, Baker Street, W.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

finished his incidental music for Sir Henry Irving's forthcoming Lyceum production of "Coriolanus" at Florence, where the distinguished Principal of the Royal Academy of Music went to escape the rigours of an English spring. I am glad to learn that he has derived great benefit from a sojourn in Italy, though that fair land sent us the lamentable news of the passing away of another eminent English musician.



THE LATE SIR JOHN STAINER, THE DISTINGUISHED COMPOSER.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

fine anthems and church-services, besides a host of theoretical treatises on music. Sir John Stainer was, in the opinion of distinguished foreign critics, the greatest English authority on Musical Theory. It is a sad coincidence that on the Sunday of Sir John Stainer's death his sacred piece, "The Crucifixion," was performed in many churches in this country. With a chorus of fifty voices, Mr. Bert Hall as organist, Mr. Phil Macdonald as conductor, and MM. S. Clarke and W. H. Hill as soloists, "The Crucifixion" was also rendered finely at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, last Wednesday evening, as a tribute to the distinguished composer we all mourn.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

(of whom Sir John Stainer was a great friend) has been discovered. It was No. 8, Bolwell Terrace, Lambeth Walk (now called Bolwell Street), where the gifted composer's father, Thomas Sullivan, lived, and where the celebrated musician was born, May 13, 1842. It was an unpretentious dwelling, rated at twenty pounds per annum. A name-tablet should decorate the birthplace of so famous and accomplished a composer.

M. PADEREWSKI

is receiving expressions of sympathy from all parts of the world, owing to the death of his son. The famous pianist had taken his son, an invalid from childhood, to Germany for special medical treatment, as the young man suffered from a spinal disease. On the eve of commencing the new treatment he died from failure of the heart. M. Paderewski took the body of his son to Montmorency, near Paris, where he was buried on March 26. The great pianist has cancelled some of his engagements, but others, including the production of his new opera, had been arranged so long beforehand that M. Paderewski was unwilling to cause inconvenience. The statement that he would not play in public for a year is emphatically contradicted.

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE

is about to study the violin at the Cologne Conservatorium. Professor Seibert, of that institution, is to be his teacher. Some surprise has been occasioned in Germany that the young Imperial violinist was not placed under Dr. Joachim, but it is stated that the political opinions of the great violinist do not quite harmonise with those of the Emperor.

THE PROMISE OF WAGNER'S "SIEGFRIED" AT THE PARIS GRAND OPERA

next winter has decided M. Jean de Reszke as to his future plans. He has accepted the offer to appear as Siegfried, and has, therefore, declined an American engagement for next winter. Influenza has caused the popular tenor much trouble, and his brother has also suffered greatly. The question of the Covent Garden engagement is still left open, but it is understood that M. Jean de Reszke will sing on a few occasions at the Royal Opera this season.

JANE AUSTEN ON THE STAGE.

Are we going to have a "boom" in Jane Austen on the stage? Miss Rosina Filippi, in "The Bennets," given at a matinée last week at the Court Theatre, showed that an interesting play could be made out of "Pride and Prejudice," though, notwithstanding her cleverness, a want of experience prevented her from getting full value from the delightfully humorous novel. Indeed, "The Bennets," though the comic scenes were very amusing, hung fire a little in the passages of sentiment, partly because Miss Filippi made the mistake of leaving the audience too long in ignorance of the real character of Darcy, who, in fact, to the very end remains a rather incomprehensible being. Skilful,

stern revision of the Second Act and some judicious changes and cuts in the others should make "The Bennets" a very acceptable, entertaining study of manners and comic character, and even the assertion on the programme, "a play without a plot," is unjustly humble. Miss Filippi played the mother's part admirably, and was thoroughly amusing. Mr. Lyall Swete, who, in addition to Benson work, appeared at two trial matinées within a week, was truly comic in the character of the servile Collins. Quite a "hit" was made by Miss Constance Robertson, the Lydia. Miss Mayo had a very heavy task in the part of Elizabeth, and one demanding greater experience than she possesses; however, she acted with intelligence and some skill. Mr. Harcourt Williams, curiously alike in voice and manner to Mr. Martin Harvey, showed some ability in the difficult part of Darcy.

"LONELY LIVES."

Hauptmann occupies so high a position in Germany as a dramatist that the production at the Strand Theatre by the Stage Society of his play, "Lonely Lives," was a matter of considerable interest. It cannot, however, be said that, despite the power and thought and quality of the piece, it is apt for our public, and, no doubt, it will be classed by many with the abhorred dramas of Ibsen. Certainly the elaborate study of the unlovable Vockerat and the woman who forces herself into his life and then drives him out of life has too marked a tone for even the skill shown in development of character to render it altogether agreeable. The performance was excellent. Mr. Lyall Swete—apparently a glutton for work, and willing to play any kind of part—acted with much ability as the husband; and Mr. Farquharson played skilfully in neat sketch of character. Miss Florence Fordyce, too long away from us, and Miss Dorothy Hammond acted in excellent style.

MISS FAY DAVIS.

Although, owing to Mr. Alexander's contract concerning Mr. H. V. Esmond's new play, "The Wilderness," Miss Eva Moore becomes the St. James's leading lady for the nonce, that is no reason why *The Sketch* should not give on another page a portrait of Miss Fay Davis. This fair and favourite American citizen has done such excellent service at the "Alexandries" that all loyal English playgoers will heartily hope to soon see Miss Davis again gracing our boards, rather than she should return to the equally honoured stage of her native land. In the meantime, we shall all retain pleasant memories of Miss Fay Davis's acting in "The Prisoner of Zenda," "In Days of Old," "The Ambassador," "The Tree of Knowledge," "The Man of Forty," "The Princess and the Butterfly," "The Wisdom of the Wise," and "The Awakening." Certain old English Knights were wont to swear "By my Fay!" ; and that is what *The Sketch* feels inclined to do in reference to this charming actress.

Now that the Easter shows are well under way, playgoers must prepare for certain theatrical events of the utmost importance. The first, and, of course, most important, is

SIR HENRY IRVING'S SPLENDID PRODUCTION OF "CORIOLANUS," at the Lyceum, next Monday, the 15th inst.

On the 18th we are to see Mrs. Langtry's production of "The Royal Necklace," at the then-to-be-opened new Imperial Theatre.

For the 20th we are promised that Miss Janette Steer shall submit a similar Marie Antoinette play at the Garrick.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson has chosen the same date for the starting of his new London season (with his sweet bride, Miss Gertrude Elliott), at the



MISS ISABEL JAY, THE POPULAR SAVOYARD.

Photo by Fraser and Jennings, Charles Street.

Comedy, when he will offer a new romantic comedy, called "Count Tezma," the work of a new writer bearing the not utterly unfamiliar name of Homer.

On the 22nd Mr. Charles Frohman promises to present "The Girl from Up There," at the Duke of York's, with Miss Edna May in the name-part.

Captain Basil Hood's new domestic comedy, "Sweet and Twenty," is promised at the Vaudeville for the 24th, with Miss Ellaline Terriss, her husband (Mr. Seymour Hicks), and Messrs. Fred Emney and Holbrook Blinn in the principal parts.

At the moment of writing, it would seem that the new Savoy opera, "The Emerald Isle," written by the aforesaid Captain Hood and set to music by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Edward German, may be further delayed owing to the greatly regretted death of Mr. D'Oyly Carte.

EASTER NOVELTIES.

The Easter changes began last Saturday, when, Mr. Hawtrey having migrated with "A Message from Mars" to the Prince of Wales's, Mr. Herbert Sleath and Mr. Willie Edouin produced at the Avenue a revised version of Mr. Russell Vaun's clever "mystic farce," entitled "Nicandra." In this the beautiful Mrs. Brown-Potter appears as

A LADY WHO IS A SEMI-SNAKE.

She is supported by quite a strong group of players. "A Message from Mars" being quite an appropriate attraction for Easter holiday-makers, Mr. Hawtrey will continue that charming comedy at the Prince of Wales's for some time before producing Mr. F. Anstey's new "hired guest" comedy, entitled "The Man from Blankney's."

The new Easter productions have included a rollicking comedy, written by that droll player-playwright, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and entitled

"AFTER THE PARTY."

This may be seen this week at the Brixton Theatre. At the Grand, Fulham, holiday-makers may examine a new melodrama called "A Bad

Character," written by that thrilling sensation-provider, Mr. F. A. Sedamore.

The West-End holiday shows comprise Mr. Grein and Miss Leonard's clever new adaptation of "Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie," which, since it was tried at a recent Strand matinée, has been entitled

"THE LION-HUNTERS." This is to be played by a powerful company, including Mr. H. B. Irving (in place of Mr. Leonard Boyne), and the charming Miss Nina Boucicault, daughter of the late great Dion.

"THE FORTUNE-TELLER,"

at the Shaftesbury, enacted by a powerful American company, has a splendid *mise-en-scène*. As *Sketch* readers have already been informed, the plot turns upon the striking resemblance of the heroine and her twin-brother, and is set

forth with much attention to the details of the Army as she is run in Hungary. If this melodious opera should not achieve the tremendous run it had in America, it will be speedily followed at the Shaftesbury by another American success, named "The Singing Girl."

MISS ALICE NIELSEN.

Our latest picture of the latest American "star," Miss Alice Nielsen, shows that charming little cantatrice in the character of this "Singing Girl," an opera which followed her other great success, "The Fortune-Teller," booked at the Shaftesbury. Miss Nielsen assures the present writer that since her début with that "star"-producing company known as the Boston Ideals, she has needed only three characters—the above-named two and the leading part in "The Serenade," the first piece in which she ever appeared. Miss Nielsen had not been on the stage a year when she achieved what the American theatrical folk delight to call "Stellar honours." She has kept them ever since. In fact, this sweet San Franciscan damsel has long run throughout the States the combination known as the "Alice Nielsen Opera Company." In London, Miss Nielsen is under engagement to Mr. George Musgrave, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, where Miss Edna May reigned so long as the sweet "Belle of New York."

Two interesting productions are promised in the

EARLY MERRY MAY-TIME.

One is Messrs. George R. Sims and Leonard Merrick's new comedy, "A Woman in the Case," written for Messrs. H. T. Brickwell and Frederick Kerr to produce at the Court. The other is an English adaptation of "L'Ami Fritz," to be played by Mr. Murray Carson and Co. at the Kennington Theatre.



MISS EILEEN CONCANNEN,
HEROINE OF THE NEW DRAMA, "FOR THE SAKE OF A
WOMAN," AT THE KENNINGTON THEATRE.

Photo by Vandyke, Liverpool.

MR. HARE'S RETIREMENT.

All lovers of artistic acting will regret to learn that that finished comedian, Mr. John Hare, has arranged to retire from the stage soon after returning from his present phenomenally successful American tour. It used to be customary for popular actors and singers to keep on "farewelling" for a long time. Many of us hope that this will be the case with Mr. Hare. I hear that his great success in America as "The Gay Lord Quex" has been shared by Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Sophie Fullgarney.

There will be quite a "mammoth" matinée at the Vaudeville on the 16th inst., by way of

COMPLIMENT TO MR. HERBERT BUDD,

who so long and so ably looked after the acting-management of the recent Adelphi for the Messrs. Gatti. The Committee and the programme for this event include the most distinguished folk concerned with theatrical, financial, and artistic matters.

MR. W. CLARKSON,

Royal perruquier and costumier, maintained to the end his success at the Covent Garden Costume Balls—a triumph which the genial sartorial artist of Wellington Street won by perennial freshness of ideas and exquisite workmanship. At the last Ball, Mr. Clarkson was fortunate enough to obtain the first lady's prize with a brilliant new costume, entitled "The Honeymoon," and the first and second gentlemen's prizes with his "Red Ruin" and "Fit of the Blues" respectively.

MISS EILEEN CONCANNEN

is favourably known to playgoers as one of the most intelligent among the younger school of actresses of ability. Her acting in "Quo Vadis?" at the Adelphi deserved the commendation it received from the critics. Few who saw "The Price of Peace" last autumn at Drury Lane—one of the grandest spectacular achievements of Mr. Arthur Collins, whom *Sketch* begs to congratulate on his recent marriage in New York—will forget Miss Concannen's clever impersonation in the touching Convent Garden Scene, where the black-robed Sister of Mercy is moved to an impressively natural outburst of grief when she hears the music of the band of her sweetheart's old regiment beyond the convent walls. She is "starring" this week at Mr. Robert Arthur's Kennington Theatre as the heroine of the new melodrama, "For the Sake of a Woman."

"THE MANDARIN."

The New Play by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova which is to be Produced on Monday Next at the Grand Theatre, Islington—Its Personages, its Players, and its Story.

IN "The Mandarin," the new piece written by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova (whose "M. de Paris" Miss Vanbrugh is expected to reproduce this season), every advantage is taken of the Chinese trouble, for the scene of

THE PLAY IS LAID IN CHINA;

and many of the leading characters are Chinese. The central figure of the drama is a young girl, the daughter of the English representative in the imaginary town in China in which the action is laid.

Through storm and stress, through peril of fire, the sword, and sudden death, the girl, and with her many of the European residents who figure in the play, pass to that triumphant end which typifies the spirit of the nation and in which the great body of the playgoing public rejoices.

Nor less sympathetic in its intellectual aspect is the attitude of the Chinese who figure in the play and who meet the English on a common ground. The case for China is put into the mouth of the heroine, who loves the people and their ways, and who contrasts the wonderful civilisation of the nation with ours when we were practically savages living in a savage way. The aristocracy of the Oriental and his callous indifference to death are represented in marked contrast to the attitude of the villain, who is an Englishman, and who, to save his life, betrays the heroine into the power of the opposite faction, in whose pay he is. But for the fact that

MR. H. V. ESMOND'S PLAY

has naturally been taking up all his time, he would have made his reappearance on the stage in "The Mandarin," for he was greatly taken with the part of a Christian Chinese Missionary who is killed by his countrymen while he is endeavouring to aid the English. As it is, two authors will appear, Mr. Metcalfe Wood, part-author of "The Elder Miss Blossom," who will play the part of a Chinese servant, and

MR. DE CORDOVA HIMSELF,

who acts a character in direct opposition to the sympathy of the audience. The hero falls to the lot of Mr. Harry Stanford, lately Sir Henry Irving's leading man, while Mr. Yorke Stephens is an American journalist who supplies most of the light comedy of the play, and Mr. Charles Fulton plays the part of the Mandarin, who may be said to be in many respects the hero of the play.

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD, ALWAYS CHARMING,

will, on this occasion, have the opportunity of making a long-wished-for experiment by appearing as the heroine of a strong drama; and she will be well seconded by Miss Phil Morris, daughter of the Academician.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Touring in France—A Bicycle Puttee—The Blocked Bill—Finger-Posts.

Time to light up : Wednesday, April 10, 7.44 ; Thursday, 7.46 ; Friday, 7.48 ; Saturday, 7.50 ; Sunday, 7.52 ; Monday, 7.53 ; Tuesday, 7.55.

Hitherto the British cyclist who has desired to enjoy a little touring in France has been obliged to run the gauntlet of a series of Customs inconveniences, or to be a member of the Cyclists' Touring Club, which does something certainly to smooth the way. It is not agreeable to have as a preliminary to one's holiday vexatious delays and the paying of a large sum as a guarantee that you do not intend to sell your bicycle. France has, however, just cleared away many of the restrictions. I hear from Havre that it is no longer necessary that the traveller wishing to take a bicycle into France should be a member of a Touring Club in order to exempt him from paying the Customs duty. All that is wanted is a *permis de circulation*, which is issued at the port or frontier town where a traveller may enter France. This costs sixty centimes, and is available for three months. The owner of a machine thus admitted temporarily is not required to pay a deposit at the Customs House nor to fix a plaque bearing his name and other particulars, which would otherwise be necessary. Travellers are advised to see that the *permis de circulation* is filled up in ink and that the Customs House stamp is affixed in the place left for that purpose.

Everyone who is obliged to cycle in trousers has generally the lurking suspicion that he presents anything but a picturesque appearance. Some men stick their trousers within the folds of their socks, which is passably serviceable but not pretty. Others use a trouser-clip, which rarely fits accurately and causes a trouser to bulge inconveniently at the knee. Two good ways that I have recommended on this page are to have small hooks inserted within the trouser and for a boot-lace going under the shoe to hold it in place, or to fold the trouser close to the leg, and then give it a double turn-up as you would on a rainy day. All these plans, however, have their disadvantages. I have just come across a really excellent little bicycle-puttee. It is so simple that the wonder is nobody has ever thought of it before. The trouser is folded over close to the leg, the edge of the turned cloth is caught by a small clip, and a band is then curved round the leg and hooked just below the knee. I have tried it, and found it very simple and useful. You can buy it from Messrs. Walker and Co., of Sackville Street, Piccadilly.

I was in the House of Commons when the little Bill promoted by the "C.T.C." and the "N.C.U." was blocked. Personally, having some acquaintance with the procedure of Parliament, I expected that fate, and was obliged to smile a little sadly at the enthusiasts who for weeks have been declaring we were on the edge of the cyclists' millennium. The Bill

provided that railway companies should be called upon to give proper accommodation for the conveyance of cycles—really, a very reasonable request, considering how easily a machine can be damaged and what excellent accommodation is often provided in other countries. On the face of it, it is monstrous that you should pay a really excessive charge for the conveyance of a wheel by train, when it is practically thrown into a van where there are milk-cans, ladies' trunks, and other horrible things. But you must never reckon without your railway director. This measure, being a Bill promoted by a private member, had to come on after Government business was finished, and the rule of the House is that on such occasions only unopposed Bills should be proceeded with. It only requires a member to shout "I object!" for the thing to receive its quietus. Members kill each other's Bills in this manner not because they have any antipathy to the measures themselves, but because it is the rule between rival Parties. The Liberals block the Tory Bills, and the Conservatives block the Liberal Bills. When the Cyclists' Bill was read by the Clerk, and Sir Howard Vincent smilingly moved its second reading, a dozen voices from the Opposition side shouted, "I object!" Whereupon Sir Howard Vincent rose and said, "I do hope that members will not reject this Bill, which is promoted by the Cyclists' Touring Club and the National Cyclists' Union, and is not controversial, but will benefit cyclists generally throughout the country." This put a new light on the case, and members who had blindly objected to the measure now shouted, "Agreed, agreed!" vociferously. It certainly did seem that the Bill, contrary to the fate of most private Bills, was going to slip through; but a stout old gentleman on the Conservative side—I should think he must have been a railway director, though I do not know who he was personally—said decisively, "I object!" The House now in a body cried, "Agreed, agreed!" Again the old gentleman said firmly, "I object!" So there was a groan, and the Bill went to its doom.

Round London, we are certainly very well supplied with finger-

posts at road and lane turnings; but farther afield, although posts are generally to be found at the main cross-ways, they are sadly missing from ordinary turnings. Many a time, a cyclist would like to try a particular road, in the hope it would lead him another way to his destination, but he is a little afraid to make the experiment. Besides, nothing is so hopeless as trying to get information out of the brain of the ordinary yokel. A man may have lived all his life in a particular district, yet he will not know how many miles the next town is away, and be absolutely ignorant where by-roads lead to. County Councils are doing much to improve our highways, and if they would put up posts at by-turnings, saying to where they lead and the distance, it would be an immense advantage. County Councils are just now in the full vigour of their youth, and it would not be a bad thing if the cyclists in each county bombarded the authorities with memorials for these posts. The mischief lies, however, in the fact that local cyclists know the ways without posts.

J. F. F.



MR. JOE ELVIN, THE FAMOUS MUSIC-HALL COMEDIAN, IN HIS CYCLING-COSTUME.

Photo by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Up to Now. Backers have done exceedingly well since the opening of the flat-racing season, and it is remarkable how book form has worked out to the satisfaction of the talent. The open winter assisted the trainers in keeping the old horses jogging along, and I have never seen more fit horses on the course early in the year than I have come across during the first two weeks of the

present season. But many of our best trainers keep back their good things for the Newmarket, Epsom, and Ascot Meetings, and we are hardly likely to see many winners from R. Marsh's or John Porter's stables for a month to come. I do not think we have seen any useful two-year-olds yet, and I doubt if one of the Brocklesby youngsters, except Simony, would pay for following as a three-year-old. But I am told there are some grand two-year-olds in training at Newmarket and elsewhere this year, and, what is very gratifying to myself, I hear that the youngsters have been trained without any trouble to jump away quickly from the starting-gate. I stood almost alone in singing the praises of the gate when it was denounced by the old fogeys as a "new-fangled notion" of doubtful utility. Thank goodness, Lord Durham was induced to approach the invention with an open mind! The result is very apparent every day.

Going the Pace. We move quickly in these days. Eighty years ago, many of our forefathers were content to wait a week to find out the winner of a big race, and, even when the first halfpenny paper was started in London, it was thought to be a wonderful achievement if the arrivals and the result of the first race were given in the last edition of the day.

Now, the public want the result two minutes after the horses have passed the post, and they get it in five cases out of six. The result of all this smartness is that a big event is done with and entirely forgotten twenty-four hours after it has taken place. I have had twenty-five years' experience of sporting journalism, and I find the "past" disappears like magic. As an illustration, I might mention the Boat Race, which this year took place early in the morning. Well, it was a very exciting affair, and it made a deep impression on those of us who had to provide details for the public. Yet, on the following Monday morning I could not have discussed the race or read or written a word about it for a pension, as the whole thing appeared to me as so much ancient history. I dare say many others suffer from my complaint.

THE MASTER
APOSTLE SPOON.

The City and Suburban. The next big racing event to come on the tapis will be the City and Suburban. I expect speculation on this race will have a wide range, as the handicap is an exceptionally good one on paper, and the majority of the owners like to see their colours carried at Epsom. Little Eva is hardly likely to run with a 10 lb. penalty, and I should say the Grateley stable would rely on General Peace, a smasher when fit. Forfarshire would be better suited by the Ascot Cup distance, and Pheon is too big a rogue to trust even over this, the rogue's course. Alvescot, on the Lincoln running, has a big chance with a good jockey up, and Good Luck ought to run well. If he does not, I suggest the changing of his name to Bad Luck. I am told that John Porter will lead back the winner of the City and Suburban in La Roche, a very fine mare who simply romped home for the Oaks last year. She has a big weight for a four-year-old in 8 st. 11 lb., but she looks like a stayer and a weight-carrier, and, if she is ridden by M. Cannon, she should start a warm favourite. The English jockeys, by-the-bye, do better than the Americans over the Epsom course, and even Tod Sloan failed to bring home some warm favourites at Epsom in 1899. But the little Yankee was palpably out of sorts during that week, with the result that his persistent followers had the most disastrous experience of their lives.

Presents to Jockeys. I do not know what Arthur Nightingall received for riding Grudon to victory in the Grand National, but I guess a good round sum, and his services were worth a great deal. When he was successful on Ilex at Liverpool, the late George Masterman, who owned the horse, gave him a cheque for one thousand pounds. I remember the present was given on the Croydon Course, and Arthur, who was due to ride later on, handed the cheque to my racecourse representative to take care of for him. Well, after racing finished for the day, my colleague was hunting all over the place for the famous jockey, only to discover that he had gone home to Epsom and forgotten all about his cheque, which, by-the-bye, reached his hands the same night. I am

glad to hear that Arthur has regained his health. He is simply unbeatable when at his best, and he ought to do well in the future. He rode for me when I ran horses under National Hunt Rules, and I always found him to be as straight as a gun-barrel. This means a lot when dealing with a cross-country jockey, for it must be apparent to the meanest intelligence that some of the steeplechase jockeys are not above suspicion. Whether their fouling is through incapacity or roguery is a very moot point.

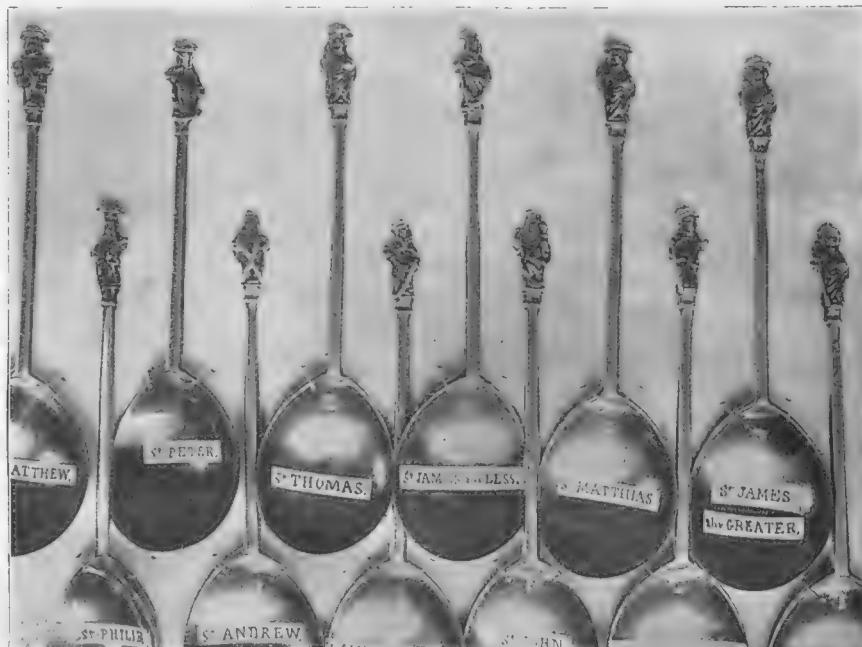
The Chester Cup. There should be a good attendance at the Chester Meeting this year, as the Duke and Duchess of Westminster will lend their patronage to the meeting, of which his Grace is a Director and a Steward. Ever since Mr. Mainwaring took on the management of this meeting it has been one of the most successful in the country, and it is still growing. The clever Clerk of the Course knows exactly what is wanted by the sporting public, and he takes particular care to see that they get it. The Chester Cup attracted fifty-two subscribers, of whom only ten paid forfeit, so that plenty of horses remain in. But many of the contents have no pretensions to stay the course, and it may be that the Great Metropolitan, which is set to be run on April 23, will interfere greatly with the Chester Cup, set for May 8. Of the horses engaged at Chester and not at Epsom, mention may be made of Saint Noel and Aquascutum as a likely couple to run well. However, should Jolly Tar miss the Epsom race, I should further his chances for the Chester Cup, as I know Sloan held a big opinion of this horse, and I think his running in the Manchester November Handicap was much too bad to be true.

Members' Luncheons. The plan so successfully worked at the Alexandra Park Meeting, by which Club members are provided with a free luncheon, is a good one, and might be copied by some of the other Metropolitan racecourse managers who have more money to handle than they know what to do with. The free tea is also a capital idea, and it works very successfully at Alexandra Park.

CAPTAIN COE.

APOSTLE SPOONS.

A RECORD price was obtained recently at Christie's for a complete set of Apostle Spoons, the sum realised being £1060. Only two other complete sets are known, one at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, which is not perfect, twelve of them being dated 1566, and the other one 1515. The set at Goldsmiths' Hall is dated 1626, but the figures are reputed to be additions. The present set is the most perfect known, all bearing the hall-mark of 1617, and all by the same maker. They come from the Swettenham family of Cheshire, in whose possession they had been for many years previous to 1787, when Thomas Willis-Swettenham left them as heirlooms. A well-known set, consisting of only eleven, is now on exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. They were bought by the late Rev. T. Staniforth at the Bernal Sale. The Apostle Spoon is a reminder of the old christening custom of sponsors presenting such to the children for whom they answered. A wealthy man would give a complete set, others one or more, according to their means, a single spoon bearing usually the Patron Saint of the child or of the donor. This fine set is now in the collection of Messrs. Crichton Bros., 22, Old Bond Street, by whose courtesy I am enabled to give the above particulars.



THE SET OF APOSTLE SPOONS WHICH REALISED A RECORD PRICE AT CHRISTIE'S (£1060).

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

"UNEASY lies the head" has somewhat lost its significance in the matter-of-fact, prosaic Britain of to-day, however greatly Continental monarchs may have to fear the plot and counterplot of subterranean societies. Still, there are certain drawbacks to the exalted state of Royalty which must sometimes press hard on those of its



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A BEAUTIFUL DESIGN FOR A DINNER-GOWN.

inmost circle. The publicity, for one thing (I decline to call it "fierce light": the phrase has been just a little overdone), which beats upon a throne must have its drawbacks. As for the Duchess of Cornwall and York's trousseau, was any collection of clothes ever so done to death? First of all, in the dailies exuberant columns catalogued every item with fatiguing minuteness of detail, while the weeklies followed with pictorial presents of the Duchess in gauze, the Duchess in crêpe, the Duchess in moiré, the Duchess in brocade, until one got these Antipodean accessories on the brain while seeking in vain for any other subject. How tired, how deadly tired, Royalty itself must become of all these fulsome enthusiasms, and how dreadfully bored with the hysterical loyalty that waxes fat on its own abasement!

That strange little story told of the last Czar, whether true or not, has a pathetic side for those who know and understand. It was said that Alexander, longing for a week's freedom and liberty, slipped away from his capital, and left behind one, physically his double, who affected indisposition in the Emperor's absence, lest his intimates should discover the Imperial antic. True or not, one can easily sympathise with the feelings that would have prompted such a strange departure. And apropos of the late Czar, his young daughter, who was betrothed the other day, is in every respect a replica, on feminine lines, of her father. The Grand Duchess Olga is just nineteen, but looks three years

younger. She is quite a Romanoff in appearance, and has none of that slender, willowy look which distinguishes her Danish mother or aunt. Her fiancé, Prince Peter of Oldenburg, is only thirty-two, but looks older, and has begun to "get thin on the temples." He is one of the smart Preobrajensky Guards, and descends through his mother's side from Josephine Beauharnais, the famous Creole who was at one time Empress of France. Physically, Prince Peter is slim, slender, and blonde—a contrast to his future wife in this, as to his West Indian great-aunt. Parisian modistes have already received orders for the young Princess's lingerie and gowns, which will be divided between the Ville Lumière and the Russian capital.

Four more solicitors struck off the Rolls last week! Things are coming to a crisis, it would seem, in the legal profession. Where and oh where is the old family solicitor of another administration who knew our affairs better than we did ourselves and faithfully fulfilled his trust? Nowadays, people are quite nervous—women especially—if any deed or negotiable documents be in the solicitor's safe, and seek any pretext to transfer it to their banker. Nor, in view of recent events, is it to be wondered at, though for all reasons it is extremely regrettable.

Now that the period of mourning has almost passed, there is a noticeable revival in the wearing of jewellery, which for a short time people put aside altogether. Diamonds and pearls have, of course, been quite correct from the first, but gold jewellery, such as chains, bangles, brooches, have been sent into temporary retirement, and jet or gun-metal used in their place. The Parisian Diamond Company, with



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GREY AND WHITE STRIPED TAFFETA.

their accustomed enterprise, have brought out several beautiful designs for Easter, those which appear overleaf being striking examples of their skill in design and production. No one need, in fact, want for those finishing touches of brooch, bangle, or the fashionable pearl ear-rings

which add an elegant and *bien soigné* air to every woman while the Parisian Diamond Company sell such exquisite productions at such easily reached prices. Their jewels are to all purpose and appearance as real as those costing hundreds of pounds at the gem-merchant's, and it is owing to their perfection of form and colour that the Parisian Diamond Company's pearls and diamonds have been so largely worn of late years even by the owners of valuable jewellery, more especially when travelling abroad.

I made cursory mention in last week's number of some skeleton boot-trees which had been presented for my appreciative admiration, and find that they should correctly be described as the "Packflat" boot-tree, their chief excellencies being that they are made of steel and aluminium, weighing only a few ounces, that they fold up into the smallest possible space, and are, moreover, ventilated, so as to allow of damp shoes drying inside; another immense advantage being that the "Packflat" is adjustable to fit any length of foot-gear, and can equally be used as stretcher or boot-warmer. Never, surely, did any dream of so many perfections being condensed in a boot-tree. The price, moderation itself, is only ten-and-six a pair, and Mr. Peter Yapp, of 200 and 210, Sloane Street, is the retailer thereof. A most clever and useful invention, beyond doubt; one, too, that will become indispensable to anyone with a care for his or her appearance when its merits are found out by an appreciative public.

The new Borough Councils are busy inducing themselves with maces, shields, wands of office, chains, and other works and pomps of the silversmith. Messrs Mappin Brothers, of Regent Street, have been intrusted with the manufacture of many of these

interesting Municipal trophies, and their latest achievement, the Finsbury mace presented by Captain Frederick Penton, is an excellent and quite artistic example of modern art rendered in the style called "Secession," or "Nouveau Art," which, if by its first name is meant the seceding from all established rules of the unimaginative ordinary craftsman, is well given indeed. This mace is hand-wrought in water-gilt silver, and the designs which embellish it are strikingly original and aesthetic to boot. It is at present on view at 220, Regent Street.

It has been quite refreshing within the past few days of milder weather to see women emerge, even tentatively, from their furs and cold-weather garments. Many have had the courage to array themselves in those smart spring coats, which look so neat on slim, graceful figures, and with the advent of these open-fronted little garments there will, no

doubt, follow a great outbreak of splendour in "fronts," vests, and waistcoats for feminine wear. Waistcoats of white, soft satin under large bow and ends of tucked point d'esprit are eminently soft and becoming. Some of these vests have revers of variously coloured panne, and are set forth with buttons of the most efflorescent. Thickly piped mousseline is also a new if an extravagant notion, and looks charming when supported by a cravat of really good lace. A good stock of smart vests carries one over the difficult *demi-saison* period very successfully, and everyone should bestir herself in the matter of immaculately dainty vests and jabots now that fairer afternoons accompany our walks abroad.

The Empire Hotel, Lowestoft, which handsome and commodious seaside caravanserai was opened last summer with immediate success, has been re-opened for the season.

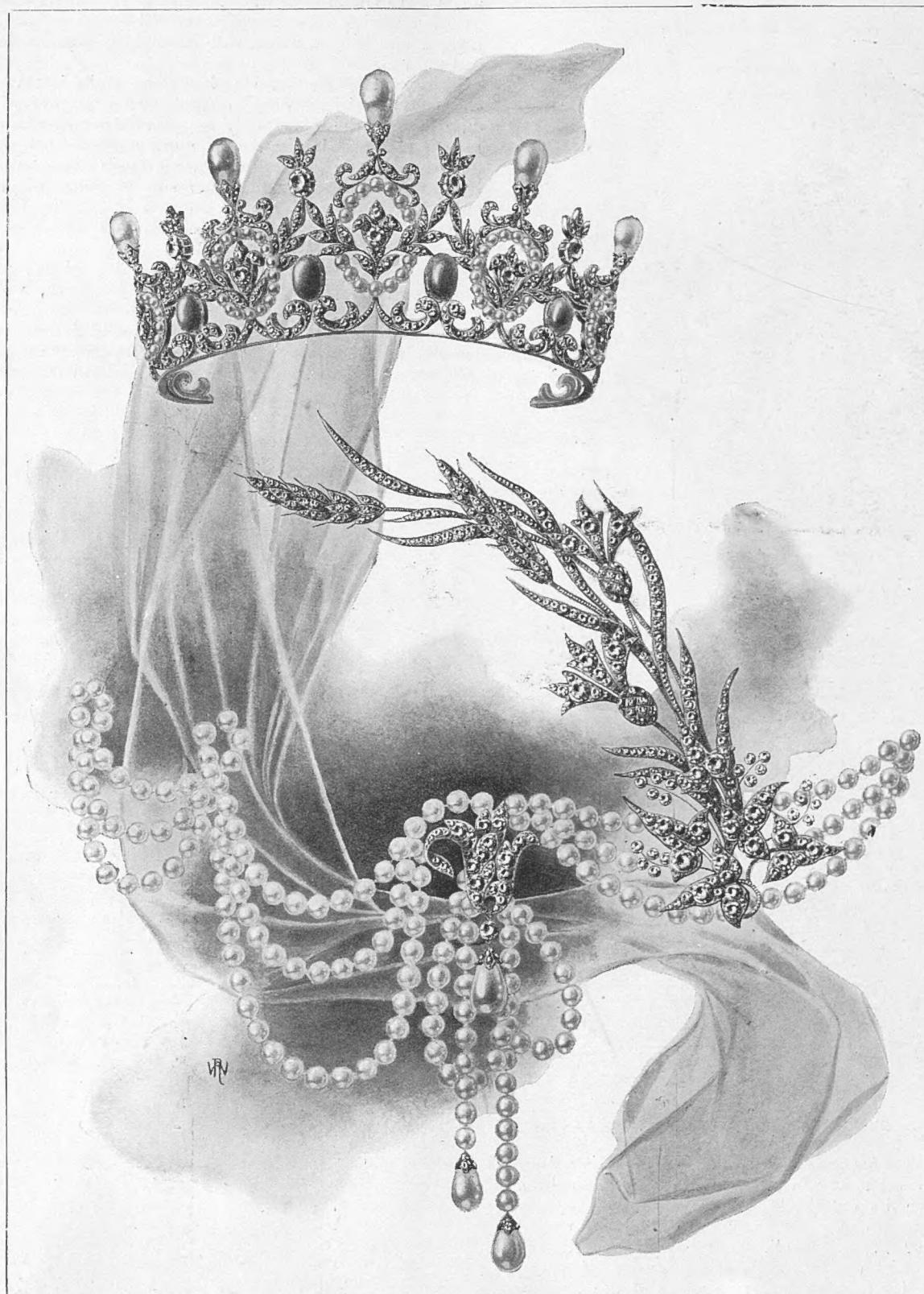
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LILIAN (Wolverhampton).—I should have two or three linen blouses in the various pale colourings. The new pouching corselets of coarse braid lace look very well over the linen, and are easily made up.

DE FREYNE (Lancashire).—Norman and Stacey, of 118, Queen Victoria Street, make a speciality of officers' barrack-furniture. Apply for their catalogue. They are quite in the first flight of artistic house-furnishers, and their famous instalment plan makes all things easy.

SYBIL.

Sir Edwin Arnold, who is now totally blind, has sent the following touching note to an American correspondent: "My condition would be a sad one without patience and resignation. I am now totally blind and able to work only with assistance. But I never despair, and go on with my work, thanking Heaven for my unimpaired mental powers." In his blindness, Sir Edwin Arnold has dictated a new epic poem of something like four thousand lines, entitled "The Voyage of Ithobal," in which he de-



PEARLS AND DIAMONDS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

scribes the voyage of a sea-captain of Tyre about 600 B.C. to explore the unknown waters beyond the Red Sea. It is the opinion of those who have heard the work read that Sir Edwin Arnold has never written anything more graphic and striking.

TO PRESS AGENTS, PRINTERS, AND PUBLISHERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Please note that the London Electrotype Agency, Ltd., of 31, St. Bride Street, E.C., now have the Sole Agency for the sale of our electrotypes and reproductions of our drawings, &c.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 24.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

THE Stock Exchange has got back to work—at least, part of it has. There is always a large proportion of members which spins out the holidays until the end of the current week. Those who are in town find themselves plunged into the vortex of what, considering the holidays, can be described as a fairly heavy Settlement. Accordingly, there is not yet much disposition noticeable to enter upon any large amount of new business, and the present would seem a favourable opportunity to review shortly the finances of the year so far as the latter has gone.

We will preface our *résumé* by remarking that the beginning of the year found the Stock Exchange and the financial world face to face with the serious collapse of the London and Globe Company. On the last day of 1900 came the announcement of Lord Dufferin's resignation, followed only a few days later by another stating that he had resolved to stay by the sinking ship. The Stock Exchange heard the "hammer" with unpleasant frequency during those opening days of the New Century. Apart, however, from the Globe collapse, there was not much to alarm the markets in the general position, but prices were far from being good. The Bank Rate stood at 4 per cent., and the prices of gilt-edged stocks can be judged from a reference to this table—

Stock.	Jan. 2.	April 2, 1900.	Rise or Fall.
Consols (Account) ...	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	96	- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
National War Loan (Account)	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	- $\frac{1}{2}$
India 3 per cent. ...	101	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	- $\frac{1}{2}$
Bank Stock ...	327 $\frac{1}{2}$	329 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 2

There was a tremor all round the House at the time of the Empress-Mother's falling asleep on Jan. 22, but markets rapidly righted themselves. The present exceeding weakness of Consols—on March 25 the price touched 95 $\frac{1}{2}$, the lowest it had been since 1891—is consequent upon a variety of causes well known to students of these columns, and we need enter into no further details beyond mentioning briefly the coming reduction of interest, fears of a heavy new issue of Consols at Budget-time, Chinese troubles, a fairly large bull account, money stringency, and Treasury transactions. All are playing their part in holding down the price of our premier security, an advance in which is doubtful until affairs in Tientsin and Lombard Street resume more normal conditions.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN STOCKS.

The most important event of the fourteen weeks, so far as the Colonial Stock Market goes, is the admittance of some of the Victorian securities to the Trustee List. Others are also receiving the same privilege, the granting of which, long discussed and eagerly desired, has had very little influence on the market, owing to the perturbed state of trustee investments generally.

Foreign bonds have, on the other hand, been subjected to some sharp fluctuations, as this table shows—

Bonds or Shares.	Jan. 2.	April 2.	Rise or Fall.
Argentine Rescission ...	62	68	+ 6
Argentine Funding ...	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 3
Anaconda ...	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	- $\frac{1}{2}$
Brazil Four per Cent. ...	63 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
French Three per Cent. ...	101	102	+ 1
German Three per Cent. ...	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	87	- $\frac{1}{2}$
Italian Five per Cent. ...	93 $\frac{1}{2}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Peru Debenture ...	70	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Rio Tinto ...	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Transvaal Five per Cent. ...	101	101	-

First and foremost, the talk of unifying Argentina's debts has proved responsible for a quick rise in some of the bonds, notably the Rescission, the prospects of which have been so frequently pointed out in our City Notes. It was on Tuesday, March 5, that Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's Argentine mission was announced, and from that time the market has continued good. Brazils relapsed sharply quite early in the year, but have recently been improving. The financial position of the country is still decidedly difficult. Continental Bonds remain much about the same as on Jan. 2, German Threes being unaltered, notwithstanding a large new 3 per cent. loan offered the other day. Italian Fives were indifferent to the brace of little diplomatic storms of the present year, but Peruvian Corporation stocks came into great favour on the prospect of the full interest being resumed on the Debentures. Transvaal Fives keep coolly over par, and the idea all along has been that the loan will be replaced by a British emission, guaranteed by the Imperial Government, and bearing a lower rate of interest. Rio and Anaconda, both dealt in by the Foreign Market, have pulsed in sympathy with the speculation in copper, but the changes, it will be noted, are comparatively slight, the usual fickleness of this market being remembered.

HOME RAILS.

Sad is the story with regard to the Home Railway department, although there are not wanting gleams of hope even in this despondent slough. Business has shrunk to a mere minimum—to little more than a figure of speech—but still the investor hangs sturdily to his stock, for which we respect and applaud him. One or two efforts there have been to energise a rise into the market through the past three months. Coal contracts were concluded cheaper; the old tale about a working union was re-told. One or two of the dividends were better—we mean, not worse—than anticipations. But it has been flogging a dead horse to attempt the task of reanimating Home Rails, and the bulls have mostly got left in the cart for their pains, for new capital issues and bad reports have played

havoc with their fairest hopes. Nevertheless, Brighton "A" comes cheerily out of the quarter's comparison with a rise of 2 per cent., although it is the only stock which can boast such an achievement, as our little list unfortunately shows—

Stock.	Jan. 2.	April 2.	Fall.
Brighton "A" ...	135	136 $\frac{1}{2}$... (Rise) 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Central London ...	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$... $\frac{1}{4}$
Great Eastern ...	108	104	4
Great Western ...	145	142 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hull and Barnsley ...	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	51	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
L. and N.-Western ...	179 $\frac{1}{2}$	174 $\frac{1}{2}$	5
L. and S.-W. Def. ...	70	70	—
Metropolitan ...	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	8
Met. District ...	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	28 $\frac{1}{2}$... $\frac{1}{2}$
Midland Def. ...	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	73	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
South-Eastern "A" ...	70	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$

It has been a little era of immense interest in electrical traction, and the heavy fall in Metropolitan Consolidated is due purely to the loss of traffic sustained by the line through the competition of the "Twopenny Tube." District Ordinary stock, it may be observed, has scarcely moved, the price having been maintained upon rumours that an enterprising Yankee syndicate is trying to acquire the control of the line. The Brighton, Great Eastern, and North-Western are flirting with the question of the new traction; but, for all the popularity of the "Tube," Central Londons are dull, the vibration and equipment scares having tended to frighten investors from the market, while an issue of Debenture stock naturally did nothing to tempt fresh buyers into the market.

THE YANKEE BOOM.

Chief amongst the notable events of the year has been the continued expansion in the prices of American Railroad Shares and Bonds. Hardly a week has passed without witnessing an addition to the already high prices that ruled from the beginning of the century. The extraordinary movement was born and nourished in Wall Street; it has been and is being maintained by American speculators, and practically the only people on this side who have made money out of the mad boom are the jobbers in the Yankee Market of the Stock Exchange. Fostered by rumours and reports innumerable, the market has thriven beyond the wildest hopes of its supporters, and, six months after they began to rise, prices are now almost at the apex (so far) of their ascent, with no indication of ceasing their aspiring career. The rumours have been so many that to give an account of each would take four columns in itself. An important event that actually took place occurred in February, when the Manitoba Government agreed to lease part of the Northern Pacific Company's system. A general cohesion of the Erie and its most formidable rivals helped the rise in Coalier stocks, and we append a few examples of the way in which prices have advanced—

Shares.	Jan. 2.	April 2.	Rise.
Atchison Pref. ...	92	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chicago and Milwaukee ...	151 $\frac{1}{2}$	156 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Erie ...	27 $\frac{1}{2}$	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	10
" First Pref. ...	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	71 $\frac{1}{2}$	6
Louisville ...	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{4}$
Missouri ...	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{3}{4}$
Norfolk ...	46 $\frac{1}{2}$	52	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
North Pacific ...	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{4}$
Southern Pref. ...	75	81	6
Unions ...	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{5}{8}$

Since April 2 there has been a still further advance, and, with prices of shares bounding up in this way, it is not surprising that the Boards of several of the companies have sought more money. Such favourable opportunities for raising capital do not occur every week, and it was only the other day that the Pennsylvania offered 100 million dollars new stock at 60 dollars per 50-dollar share. The advent of the gigantic Steel Combine, registered on Feb. 26, was made the excuse for still further twisting up prices, and fears of its operations began to make themselves felt on the Clyde and elsewhere almost immediately.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN RAILS.

Great excitement has prevailed in the Grand Trunk Market, and some of its habitués declare that the Trunk section is coming by its own again, in the shape of public interest and consequent speculation. Whether that be the case or not, all the Trunk issues have enjoyed sharp rises, even the Ordinary Stock not being excepted. It is stated that Little Trunks are wanted by Americans, on account of the voting rights which the stock carries. Canadian Pacifies are not nearly as good a market, for some occult reason. The line has been doing somewhat poorly, but, then, the Grand Trunk is only paying 3 per cent. on its Second Preference this year, as against 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ for 1900, and yet the prices are much better maintained than those of the great Montreal Company. We include a variety of representative stocks in this brief table—

Stock or Shares.	Jan. 2.	April 2.	Rise.
Canadian Pacific ...	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	95 $\frac{1}{2}$... $\frac{1}{2}$
Trunk Ord. ...	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$... $\frac{1}{2}$
Trunk First Pref. ...	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	5
Argentine Great Western ...	101	102	1
Central Argentine ...	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	111 $\frac{1}{2}$	10
Mexican First Pref. ...	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$... (Fall) 4
Nitrate Rails ...	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	... $\frac{1}{2}$

Argentine Railway stocks have exhibited steadiness, the only move of importance occurring in Central Argentine Ordinary, which is eight points up on the good dividend, making 6 per cent. for one year. The stock was quite unfairly depressed at the commencement of the century. Mexican Railway stocks are unwarrantably low, as we pointed out last week. Nitrates are better on balance, and we must not omit to mention a rise of 30s. in Ottoman Rails, which now stand at 12. It is hoped that the shares may get some dividend this year. Nothing has been paid

since March 1898. Indian Railways are irregular, the Bengal brigade mostly commanding higher prices, while the others are generally less than they were on January 2. The action of the Government with regard to the guaranteed lines is still making its influence felt.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

Possibly from the fact that more stringent provisions of the Companies Acts came into force at the New Year, the number of fresh enterprises offered to the public during 1901 has been astonishingly small. The average investor has had few chances of "staggering," for the simple reason that new companies have been so far between. The important issues could almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Existing concerns, however, are not bashful in inviting fresh subscriptions, and the electric-lighting companies shine particularly in this direction. J. and P. Coats has been put on a new basis at last, the old stock touching over 1000 before conversion. The Vickers-Maxim Company, after denying rumours of an amalgamation with the Cramp-Midvale, of New York, boldly appealed to its shareholders for half-a-million sterling new capital. Brewery, Tobacco, and Tea shares have suffered, the last especially, from anticipations of what new imposition the Budget may bring forth. In the "Scone-and-Butter" department, Lyons, at 6½, compare with 6¾ on January 2, and Aérate Breads, now at 14½, have added the fraction during the quarter. Disastrous fires at Baku caused some sensation amongst the Oil shares dealt in by Capel Court. Electric Lighting securities were adversely affected by the cost of coal and materials, and the price of copper has left its mark on the quotations of Telegraph descriptions.

THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

Since January 2 the Kaffir Circus has indulged in a very fair spurt, although it may surprise even some of its members to learn the fact. As a refreshment to our memories, let us again consult the unerring figures—

Shares.	Jan 2.	April 2.	Rise.
Anglo-French ...	3½	3¾	½
Apeix ...	6½	6½	5
Barnato Consols ...	2½	2½	½
Chartered ...	3½	3½	½
Consolidated Goldfields ...	7½	7½	7
De Beers ...	28½	31½	2½
East Rand ...	7½	7½	½
Globe and Phoenix ...	5½	5½	(Fall) ½
Henry Nourse ...	8½	8½	½
Knights ...	5½	5½	½
Modderfontein ...	9½	11½	1½
Oceana ...	2	2½	½
Rand Mines ...	38½	40½	2½
Randfontein ...	2½	3½	½
South African Gold Trust ...	7½	7½	½

Of the companies in the above list, the only two which have declared dividends this year are the De Beers and the Gold Trust. Holders of gold shares proper have had to put up with more loss of income, and it appears as though they would have to wait another twelve months before catching sight of a dividend cheque again. The market has been swayed principally upon the chase news, but its hopes were raised excitedly on March 21 by the intelligence that four of the mines had actually re-started. This was encouraging, but the fly in the ointment was provided by the damage done to the Kleinfontein Mine, estimated, in January, at £210,000.

WESTRALIANS AND WEST AFRICANS.

Through all fourteen weeks has hung over the Westralian Market the shadow of a great collapse. The Globe smash killed business and confidence at one fell stroke. Lake Views, 8½ then, are now only 8¾. Ivanhoe are the same price, and they were 8½ in those dark days of January. London and Globes from 6s. 6d. have dropped to 1s. 6d., and nobody knows how the Corporation stands. The market is too dismal a subject to dwell over, pregnant with lessons though it be—lessons which are still unlearnt, otherwise the West African Market could hardly have arisen so frantically, the growth of a couple of months. Gold in West Africa there assuredly is, but the way in which the share market is being exploited savours of gold-hunting in London rather than on the West African Coast. The market has come to stay, undoubtedly, but the dealing is a wild gamble, which may turn out well or may not. Only one of the companies now so popular has ever paid a dividend, unlike the steady-going concerns on the Colar field. The Mysore Company's declaration in February brought up the dividend for 1900 to 135 per cent., and the shares have advanced from 5½ to nearly 6. In the same market, Mount Lyells fell from the latter price to 4½, at which they now stand. Such are the risks of mining, and in them, of course, is found the chief attraction to the speculator.

Thursday, April 4, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

B. B. B.—The securities you mention are very reasonable ones. We think Grand Trunk Guaranteed might be as good as the Gas Stock.

PUZZLED.—We prefer the Rand shares in your list. It is impossible to place in order of merit, except as a piece of guess-work.

ADA.—The people whose circular you send are swindlers. To deal with any of the touting outside brokers is to simply throw away your money.

NOTE.—In consequence of having to go to press early, on account of Easter week, we are unable to bring the correspondence up to as late a date as usual.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"
HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAVURES.



Ready shortly, 100 Coloured Photogravures, all proofs, at 20 guineas each; 500 Photogravures, all Artist's Proofs, at £10 10s. each, now nearly all subscribed; unsigned proofs, also limited, at £5 5s.; Prints, £3 3s.

The Portrait of the late Queen, by M. Benjamin-Constant, is to appear at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy this season by command of His Majesty the King.



THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT IN FULL STATE, FEB. 14, 1901.

The Photogravure, from the painting by Mr. S. Begg, measures 17 by 24 inches without mount. 200 Artist's Proofs at £2 2s. each; Prints, £1 1s. each.



A VISIT FROM HER MAJESTY, SEPTEMBER 1900.

A charming memorial of our late beloved Queen. 200 Artist's Proofs at £1 1s. each; Prints, 10s. 6d. each. Size with margin 24 by 32 inches. From the painting made at Balmoral last autumn by Mr. S. Begg.

New Illustrated List of Fine Art Plates sent on application to the Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, W.C.